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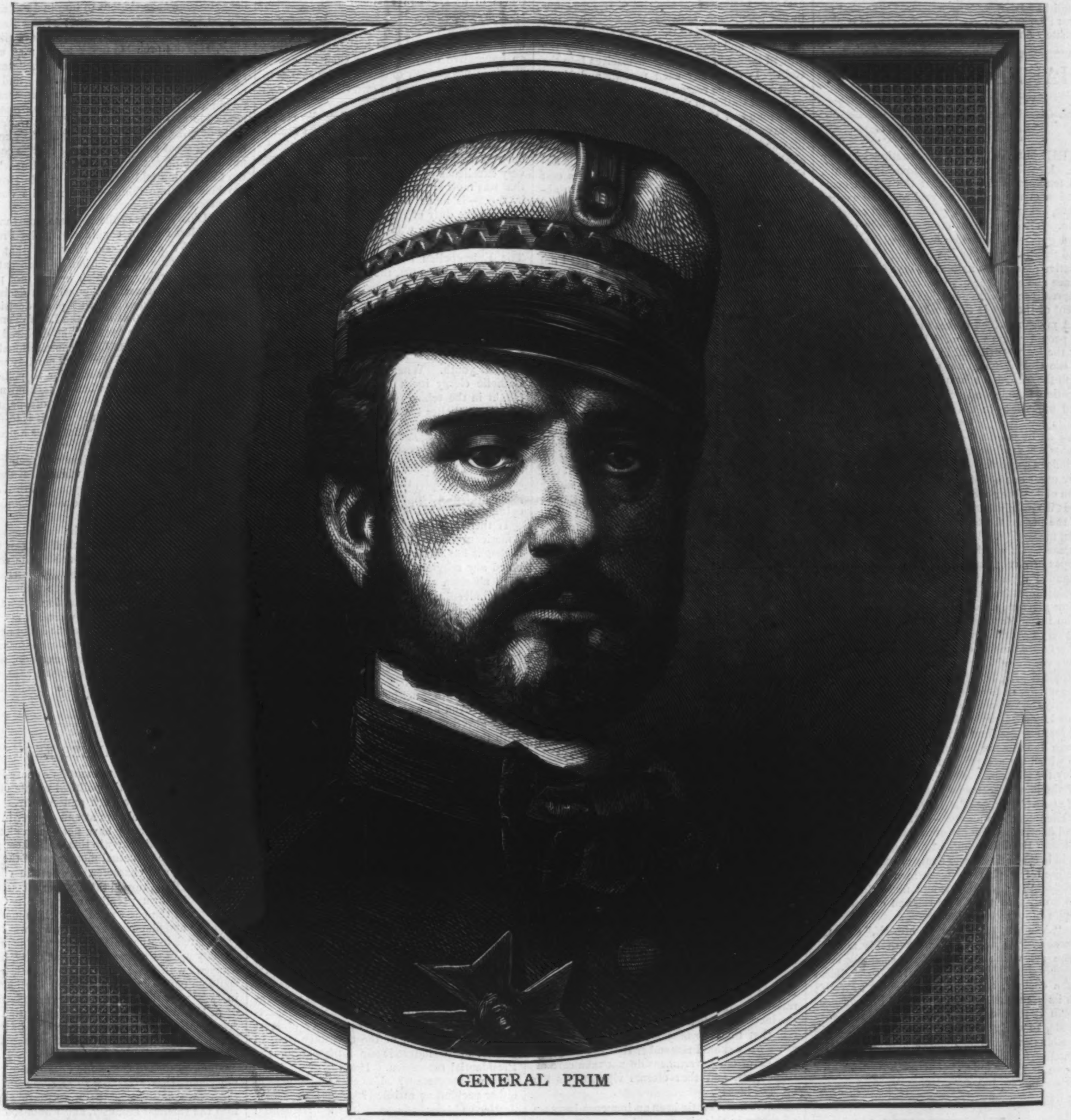

GENERAL PRIM

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GENERAL PRIM, who has occupied the foremost place in Spain since the expulsion of Queen **ISABELLA**, was born in December, 1814, and is consequently now in his fifty-sixth year. His romantic and adventurous career commenced when he was a little more than eighteen years of age, with active service in the civil war which followed the succession of **ISABELLA** II. Throwing himself heartily into the arms of the **CRISTINA** party, he rapidly made his way through the inferior grades, and at the age of twenty-three was already a full Colonel. On the flight of **MARIA CRISTINA**, **PRIM** became one of the leaders of the Progresista party, vehemently opposing **ESPARTERO**, by whom he was at length expelled the country in 1842. Escaping to France, he again renewed his allegiance to **MARIA CRISTINA**, and returning to Spain in the following year, on his election to the Cortes by the city of Barcelona, effected a coalition between the Cristinos and the Progresistas; and after a struggle of varying fortune, in the course of which he more than once narrowly escaped capture, succeeded in upsetting his great rival **ESPARTERO**, and was rewarded by **CRISTINA** with the Governorship of Madrid. His triumph, however, like most modern *cosas de Espana*, did not last long. Moved partly by **PRIM**'s own injudicious action, and partly by the ceaseless machinations of the host of intriguers by whom what in Spain passes for politics is carried on, the Queen herself was soon turned against him; and for some years the name of **PRIM** seemed almost to have dropped out of the history of Europe. The Crimean War, however, at length drew him from his retirement; and at Silistria and elsewhere he gave good proof of the talent and courage which six years later reflected so much credit on the Spanish arms in the highly successful war with Morocco. His next command, though somewhat less glorious, can hardly be considered less successful. Intrusted with the leadership of the Spanish contingent associated with France and England in the ill-fated expedition to Mexico, Prim was one of the first to recognize the error that had been made, and to execute a wise, if not perhaps a very chivalrous retreat. Of this the country no doubt reaped the benefit, but Prim's own star appeared for some time after to be somewhat under a cloud. Three years of incessant intrigue and agitation culminated in 1866 in an abortive insurrection, followed the year after by a failure, if possible, even more complete; and the conqueror of Morocco found himself once more an exile in London, damaged in credit, and almost bankrupt in pocket. In this condition he remained for nearly two years, till another turn of Fortune's wheel placed him once more at the head of affairs, apparently, at least, the arbiter of the future destinies of Spain.

In the course of his eventful life General Prim has come in for a full share of honors. Twice he has sat in the Cortes for the important town of Barcelona; his military promotion was rapid; and he has been made at different stages of his career Conde de Reuss, his native place, and Marquis de Castillejos and Grandee of Spain, these latter titles being conferred in recognition of his distinguished services in Morocco. In person he is about the middle height, grave, reticent, and reserved, and, notwithstanding his numerous exiles, speaking but little French, and no English. His favorite amusement, like that of most Spaniards, is gambling, of which he is passionately fond.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 16, 1870.

THE NEW NATION.

The last few years of our national history have been so full of astonishing events, all tending to one end, that the formal completion of the cycle is saluted not with excitement, but with tranquil gratitude and satisfaction. The President has most wisely chosen to signalize the occasion by a special message, and thus to record, by the hand of its chief executive officer, the nation's sense of the significance and grandeur of the event. With simple impressiveness, conscious that the plainest statement of the fact is the most eloquent, he says: "A measure which makes at once four millions of people voters who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States nor eligible to become so, with the assertion that at the time of the Declaration of Independence the opinion was fixed and universal—in the civilized portion of the white race regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics—that 'black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect,' is indeed a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind from the foundation of our free government to the present time."

It is most fit that in announcing this great act of the people the chief Executive should recall that most false and odious declaration of the Supreme Court which was intended to wither the hopes of a race, and to commit a government founded upon equal rights to a policy of the foulest injustice and the most cruel oppression. How gloriously vindicated is the faith of those who in the darkest days of the supremacy of slavery never faltered, and who, although unable to see the way of deliverance, were unalterably convinced that an intelligent, moral, sober people, loving liberty, and taught liberty from the cradle, and teaching liberty, and trained by liberty, however for a time involved and confused by sophistry and apparent interest, would at last emerge from the clouds, and behold the truth like the sun in the heavens! That truth to which we are pledged is equal rights—fair play for all men. And if at this moment half of the land is scarred with the terrible wounds of war—if one part of the nation has been fiercely alienated from another—if in a myriad homes and hearts the light has gone out forever—if we all bear the heavy burden of enormous debt—it is because those who denied equal rights and refused fair play to every man so long controlled the government, and fixed their grasp so firmly that it could be relaxed only with infinite suffering and blood.

"And when he came to himself," says the parable, "he arose and went to his father." The act which the President solemnly commemorates shows that, after the lapse almost of a century, the country has come to itself; to its great principle; to its true faith. Henceforth it remains for us, as the President suggests, to study the conditions which will alone enable us to continue to be masters of ourselves. Intelligence and honesty, these are the charmed lance and shield. Without these there may be a vast nation, but only with these can there be a free and progressive people.

ST. DOMINGO AND ST. THOMAS.

We presume that the obligation which makes the executive debate upon the St. Domingo treaty secret will be removed, and that the speeches will be published. The annexation of foreign territory, with an alien population, a debt, and a civil war, is a subject of sufficient importance to be very fully presented and considered. As we write, it is understood that the treaty will not be ratified by the necessary two-thirds vote of the Senate. We hope so. But as we have now apparently entered upon our era of West Indian acquisition, or propositions of acquisition, it is most desirable that the country should become familiar with the advantages and disadvantages of territorial expansion in that direction; and with the extent and character of the "rings" and "pools" that have been formed in expectation of favorable action, and to compel it. St. Domingo contains about 140,000 inhabitants. General Tate writes that, even if the debt of the country were $10,000,000, it would still be a cheap bargain. Senator Morton says that he thinks the expense of the purchase would not be more than $1,500,000 in gold; and he draws a fascinating picture of two or three millions of natives in earlier days basking in the genial sun of the island, and subsisting without labor upon the fruits that "spontaneous grew there," as in the pleasant groves of Blarney.

Now, fertility and productiveness alone are not conclusive reasons for buying more territory and adding to our population that of St. Domingo. We have plenty of fertile and productive territory already, waiting only for our own sparse population to develop. There is also enough discordant element of various kinds in our population, and there is no imperative necessity of increasing it. There must be some particular and powerful reason to justify the United States in extending themselves into the Gulf. Is there any such reason, and if so, what is it? The reason alleged is the necessity of a naval station in the West Indies. This was the ground of the negotiations opened by Mr. Seward with Denmark for St. Thomas; and it is understood that a naval station is very desirable. But the arguments that prove the desirability of obtaining such a station at a cost so prodigious as that which is involved in absorbing St. Domingo are yet to be made public. Certainly, as the case stands, no advantage arising from a naval station can overcome the disadvantages of the acquisition.

Besides, there is St. Thomas. We need not repeat what has been said upon that subject in these columns and elsewhere. It is enough that the treaty was urged again and again upon Denmark, and that Denmark, with the full informal, but, as appears, mistaken, understanding that it was agreeable to the Senate, submitted the question of separation to the inhabitants of St. Thomas, who decided that they would be transferred. But the treaty, to which a small and most friendly power assented only upon the extreme pressure of our Foreign Secretary, has been regarded with the utmost disdain by the Senate. The extension of the term of ratification expires on the 14th of April, and the treaty will probably be rejected. Henceforward it will be very difficult for any foreign power to satisfy itself that our negotiators have any authority whatever, or that the work of the official agent of the Government may not be contemptuously disowned. The rejection of the St. Thomas treaty will probably be followed by the retirement of the Danish Ministry—one of the ablest that the country has known; and we shall be in the attitude of wanton offense toward a small but honest and faithful friend. When the St. Thomas treaty is rejected, it will be only proper that Congress forbid the Secretary of State hereafter to initiate negotiations of such a character.

Meanwhile, having refused to buy St. Thomas, for which we have made an offer, we await the reasons for buying St. Domingo, at an incalculably higher price, if we consider the probable debt, the jobs, the immediate contiguity to Hayti, the domestic troubles, the ignorant, superstitious, and utterly alien people.

DEFENDING THE CITADEL.

The meeting at the Cooper Institute to protest against the diversion of the public school money of New York to sectarian purposes, and the stream of petitions against the same abuse which pours into the Legislature, show that the public mind is fully aroused upon the subject. It is not a subject upon which any citizen can afford to be silent. The influences which press for this violation of one of the fundamental principles of the government are both subtle and powerful. The purpose will not be relaxed. It is founded in the perception of the Roman Catholic clergy that an absolute separation of church and state is not favorable to the increase of their sect. Nobody needs to be told that they are tenacious and skillful; and every body should remember that the great securities of our government do not take care of themselves, and that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There has recently been an immense increase of voters in this country and among the most ignorant classes. At the same time there is a pressure, which is likely to grow rather than diminish, for West Indian annexation, and a consequent further increase of ignorance in the population. Meanwhile the extent of corruption, of a kind which especially depends upon ignorance, corruption upon a scale which menaces the whole American system, becomes one of the gravest subjects of apprehension. For these difficulties there is one practicable remedy, and that is education. Intelligence is the primary condition of a permanent and peaceful popular government, and therefore the common school is the citadel of America. It is the consciousness of this fact which leads Congress to propose the continuance of the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau, and which inspires the timely words of the President in announcing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is the same consciousness which brings the community to its feet when it hears the report of the first faint shot at the common school system.

But if the common school system is to be a blessing and not a curse, it must be a united and unsectarian system. The separation between church and state, which is observed in every other department of the government, must be rigorously maintained here. It must be clearly seen that the schools are established for the public welfare, and that, in a community of countless sects, it is impossible that the public welfare can be promoted if the schools undertake to teach sectarian views. If, therefore, any sect declares that it will not send its children to schools where its peculiar tenets are not taught, we must say to it that, as all sects are taxed for the schools, the peculiar tenets of no sect can be inculcated in them. If the sect declares that the tenets of certain sects are now taught in the schools, and can establish the truth of such a charge, it will be an imperative duty to reform such an abuse. But it is not enough to establish the charge to assert that not to teach its own views is to teach other views.

The hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy to our system of common schools is not founded upon the fact that the Bible is read in them, but that religion is not taught in them. The very excellence of the schools—the very object that was most strenuously sought and achieved by them—is made the ground of opposition. It is not the duty of the schools to teach religion, because those who are taxed to support the schools do not agree upon what religion is. The Episcopalian thinks it is one thing, the Methodist and Baptist, the Unitarian and Presbyterian, think that it is another: at least they do not choose that those who do not hold their view of it shall teach it to their children. And therefore they agree that, in their families and Sunday-schools and private sectarian schools, they will take care of the religious education of their youth. When, therefore, the Roman Catholic clergy insist that, if religion is not taught in the schools, it is an injustice to tax Roman Catholics for their support, they advocate the overthrow of the whole system. And, as we said last week, while they may do this as citizens just as they may advocate the establishment of an empire and an ecclesiastical censorship of the press, their assertion that they are persecuted as a religious sect, if their political opinions do not prevail, is the merest folly.

If there be one just pride and glory of the American government greater than another, it is that it has never in the least degree persecuted any religious sect. Its impartiality has been absolute and austere. In popular elections, indeed, the appeal to religious rancor has sometimes been made, as when Mr. Jefferson was denounced as a French infidel, and a Know-Nothing prejudice was sought to be excited against Mr. Fremont as a Roman Catholic. But the government itself has been untainted by this spirit. It has known neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian. And he who, in the ghastly history of older governments and other times, is familiar with the tragical consequences of the opposite policy, will need no other exhortation to be vigilant and vigorous to oppose the least attempt to change the wise and beneficent practice of our own government.

POLITICS UPON THE BENCH.

Elsewhere we consider the general question of reopening the late legal-tender decision. It is warmly alleged by those who oppose the proposition that it is to be deplored as a political movement, and that the Supreme Court should sit above politics superior and serene. Undoubtedly it should. But is it not a painful truth that, when Mr. Lincoln nominated Mr. Chase as Chief Justice, he unwittingly seated politics upon the Supreme Bench? It was supposed that to be chief of the Judiciary Department, and for life, would satisfy, or at least pacify, the ambition of the Secretary who, in 1863, had so industriously intrigued for the Presidential succession. Has the event justified the expectation? Has that ambition been either pacified or satisfied? Alas! the Chief Justice had been inflamed with the Presidential fever, and not the touch of the softest ermine can assuage that fire.

The events of two years ago are not forgotten. They were incredible, but they were true. He would be a bold man who should deny that, when Mr. Seymour accepted the nomination at Tammany Hall, he had in his pocket the speech with which he meant to urge the nomination of Mr. Chase, with the express consent of that gentleman. The Chief Justice of the United States, theoretically superior to the turmoil of politics, was in communication with those who sat in convention with Wade Hampton and his friends, glorying that they were unchanged, and was arranging with them the terms upon which he would be a candidate against the party that had successfully ended the war and emancipated the slaves. It was the most disastrous illustration of the demoralization produced by Presidential ambition which can be found in our history. We doubt if an equally conspicuous man ever so suddenly forfeited the confidence of the best part of a nation. Perhaps a man who has once become the victim of this Presidential poison ought not to be considered responsible. Certainly all those who with us had so long respected and trusted the Chief Justice would gladly think so.

Whether it was after or before this communication with his political opponents we do not now recall, nor is it of any importance, but Mr. Chase announced that he had withdrawn from politics. But if the Democratic Convention of 1872 should nominate him for President, would he decline? Does any one familiar with his career believe he would decline? The peculiar impropriety that the Chief Justice should negotiate for a nomination must have been, of course, as evident to him in 1868 as it will be in 1872. The prospect of the Presidency itself would certainly not be less alluring. It is not probable that a public man who has been always aiming at the Presidency would refuse the chance when at last it came; and we must, therefore, believe that the Democratic nomination in 1872 would be at least extremely agreeable to the Chief Justice. He waves a coyly denying hand indeed; but Mr. Seymour also took great pains to announce that he could not and would not be a candidate. But when the Convention told its love, the gentle Horatio blushed, and faintly whispering he would ne'er consent—consented.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court must be considered still a candidate for the Presidency. We do not say, therefore, that he would favor an unjust decision, nor consent to one of the legality of which he was not persuaded. But unquestionably, when a decision is announced so consonant with party decisions in lower courts as that upon the Legal-Tender act, and so agreeable to those who declared the conduct of the war to be unconstitutional in some most vital points, it can not possibly seem to the country a decision superior to political feelings and influences, when it is known to have been adopted by a majority of one, and when the political situation is what it is to-day, and the Chief Justice is mentioned as a probable candidate for the Presidency. And if this is—as undoubtedly it is—a general feeling, is it the fault of the country, which has always wished to believe the Court beyond political ambition, or of the Chief Justice who negotiated for a nomination?

We said at the time that the precedent was deplorable; and one of the chief reasons that we urged was that the confidence of the country in the Court would necessarily be shaken if it were not kept absolutely free from suspicion of personal political aspiration. The decision that is sought to be reversed is not free from that suspicion; and surely it is not necessarily, in an evil sense, a political movement which seeks to set aside such a decision, when it declares, as the Attorney-General says, that it is "unconstitutional to have a rebellion beyond a certain magnitude."

THE RING-BREAKERS BROKEN.

It would be difficult to mention a more illustrative comedy than the political events of the past month in New York and Albany. The dissensions which always attend a party in unquestioned supremacy have not been unknown to the Democratic party in this city, whose government is the perpetual monument of the party principle and character. A certain clique, called the Ring, turned the Democratic ascendency to its own peculiar advantage. Other members of the party rebelled at this monopoly of power and plunder. Suddenly war was loudly declared by the chief Democratic paper in the city upon the Ring. It alleged that "handicapped" with the Ring the Democratic party could no more succeed at the next election than in 1864 with the Chicago surrender platform, or in 1868 with the Tammany repudiation and rebel platform. If the party was to be saved the Ring must be destroyed. Simultaneously in the Legislature hostilities began. It was announced that such was the enthusiasm of the movement that Messrs. Sweeny and Tweed, the representatives of the Ring, were sinking into the smallest minority, and would soon disappear. The reply went up from the paper: "No quarter; the black flag; war to the knife!"

The Ring-breakers at last displayed their plan of campaign, which had evidently been modified by the Ring, showing that the Ring was, after all, master of the situation. But, as if to prove it by covering the self-glorifying assailants with utter contempt, the Ring mercilessly defeated the bills which had been changed to suit its pleasure. Then followed heroics of every kind, and an appeal was made to the Tammany Committee. Mr. Tweed, the Ring-master, should be hurled from the chairmanship of the Committee, and conspicuously disgraced. The Ring-breakers assembled their hosts, counted a majority, and, forecasting their triumph, proceeded to Tammany Hall. It was dark. It was silent. The police forbade them to enter. The trustees of the Hall had refused to allow the meeting, fearing a riot. It was a flank movement of the Ring-master so ingenious and disabling that the Ring-breakers, conscious that they were ludicrously outwitted, disappeared, and the next day, arriving exhausted in Albany, discovered that the indefatigable Ring-master had taken them upon the other flank also, and had made his own bill the special order for the next day.

The next day came. The bill was called up. There was a little more gasconade from the Ring-breakers in the Assembly, like the sputter of expiring candles; and then the precious squad of reformers and saviors of the Democratic party from being handicapped by the Ring, the heroes of the war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, supported the Ring-master's bill, and with a rapidity and a ridicule unparalleled in our political annals the truculent Ring-breakers were summarily broken. It can not be said that it was the least wool ever known for so great a cry; for there was not even a visible shred left. The bill for which the Ring-breakers voted confirms and extends the power of the Ring; and the vote itself is the most extraordinary evidence of its present power. The action of the Ring-breakers in the Assembly spiked all the guns of the paper which had been constantly declaring that the supremacy of the Ring was due to a coalition with the worst Republicans; for with two or three exceptions the whole body of its own party in the Assembly voted for the Ring. And now that the farce is ended, nobody, probably, is very seriously disappointed nor surprised. The hostility, as we said last week, will smoulder, and there will be consequences hereafter. But the judicious Young Democrat who hopes for preferment will be chary of his boasts of breaking the Ring.

LEGAL TENDER.

In 1866, during the Presidential term of Andrew Johnson, Congress passed an act that no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States should be filled by appointment until the number of Associate Justices had been reduced to six, and that thereafter the Court should consist of a Chief Justice and six Associates, any four of whom should constitute a quorum.

At the time of the passage of this act the Court was composed of eight Associate Justices, in addition to Chief Justice Chase, viz.: Justices Wayne, Grier, Clifford, Nelson, Davis, Swayne, Miller, and Field; and it was generally supposed, as three of the Court were of great age—Wayne, Grier, and Nelson—that vacancies were likely to happen within the term of the then incumbent of the Presidency, and that they would be filled temporarily by persons in harmony with him. It was deemed expedient to provide against this contingency by declaring that, if the vacancies did not exceed two, they should not be filled. Justice Wayne, who had been assigned to a Southern Circuit, died in 1867, and in February of this year Justice Grier resigned.

After the elevation of General Grant to the Chief Magistracy the power to fill vacancies up to the original number was restored, and nominations and appointments for this purpose were made of Judges Strong and Bradley, who have entered upon the discharge of their duties. During the pendency of these nominations the legal-tender case was decided; Justices Clifford, Nelson, and Field uniting with the Chief Justice against Justices Davis, Swayne, and Miller.

As this case involved the right to exercise a power in war which Congress and the Administration had declared to be essential to success, it would seem that it ought to have been reserved until the Court was full. So far as concerns Chief Justice Chase, who had urged Congress with great earnestness to pass the bill, there were strong reasons for delay so that he might not be required to declare as void an act which he, as the chief financial officer at the time, had induced Congress to pass. The position would have been regarded as painful by those who wished to avoid the suspicion of extraordinary motives.

The relations of the Court to Congress, as prescribed in the Constitution, constitutes a powerful reason for the utmost delicacy in the treatment of questions of Congressional power. The authority to adjudicate upon them belongs to its appellate jurisdiction which the Court was to "have," "with such *exceptions* and under such *regulations* as the Congress shall make." The Court itself, when presided over by Chief Justice Marshall, decided, in the familiar case reported in 3d Cranch, that although the Constitution specifies the subjects of its jurisdiction, yet when Congress, in an affirmative enumeration of the matters upon which the Court might act on appeals, specified some of those mentioned in the Constitution and omitted others, it amounted to a *regulation* imperative in the exclusion of those omitted.

Far be it from us to wish to limit in any degree the perfect independence of the judiciary, as we regard this freedom as the sheet-anchor of our safety; but prudence requires that a tribunal subjected so materially to the power of Congress by the fundamental law should continue to use the same delicacy in questions affecting Congressional power which governed the Court when Marshall presided over its deliberations. Its dignity and usefulness will always be promoted by extreme caution. The exhibition of this care will command public confidence, and prevent extremities in providing for the *regulations* which Congress is empowered to make.

We wish that the Attorney-General could have been saved the necessity of a motion to open one of its decisions, on the ground that the Court was not full when it was made. The attention of partisans is warmly directed to the contest, and even the foreign press has spoken of the attempt as unusual and indefensible. But as the decision involves the very essence of the war power, and subjects the country to peril in case of a new war, reargument of the question, so that it may be considered by the full Court, is required for public security.

The affirmance of the Kentucky decision against the Legal-Tender act, in its application to pre-existing debts, is supported by many on the ground that it is a step in the direction of specie payments. In nearly every loyal State the act was declared legal, by the highest State courts, in its application to such debts, on the ground that Congress had power to determine what *means*, which promoted the end in view, were "necessary and proper" for conducting war, and that it was for courts to consider the question of necessity and propriety as settled if it was a means, and was not prohibited.

In the argument of the case at Washington the action of the British Parliament in creating a precedent for this legislation was entirely overlooked. The act of 1797, which legalized the refusal of the Bank of England to pay its bills in coin, and prevented the arrest of debtors who could show that they had tendered them, was followed, in 1814, by another act making it a misdemeanor to pass such bills for less than their nominal value, or gold for more. This act also provided that, in case of distraint for rent, after such bills had been tendered, the goods seized upon should be returned, but the law left the creditor to his other remedies.

These acts have a direct bearing, because they applied to pre-existing debts of the most sacred character, and produced a forced circulation of the bills of the Bank of England, to the utter exclusion of gold and silver for a period of over twenty years. The policy of the act continued for seven or eight years after the war.

The Parliament of Great Britain passed the act, and ultimately provided for its repeal. Both of these are legislative functions; and it is a great error to suppose that we can with safety rely upon a court to employ a legislative function and restore the country to specie payments.

We are the firm advocates of a return to specie payments as soon as it can be accomplished with advantage. This is a duty which Congress ought not to omit; but its omission does not justify an irregular mode of accomplishing the object. If we can not secure a repeal of the law in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, the infliction must be borne, as in that case it is the will of the people.

THE BOARD OF REGENTS.

There has been a great deal of satirical fun leveled at the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. The functions of the body are very little understood, and they have been often represented as a close corporation of useless old fogies. The Constitutional Convention was besieged with petitions for the abolition of the Board; and it debated the proposition of a State Board of Education, to combine the duties of the Regents and of the Department of Public Instruction. The Regents are a body of great dignity, for they are elected like United States Senators, and for life; and they are certainly an inexpensive body, for the members are paid nothing but their actual expenses. Some of the most distinguished citizens of the State have been members of the Board, and Mr. Verplanck, who recently died rich in honors and years, was the Vice-Chancellor.

Last year the attempt to abolish the Board was renewed in the Legislature, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction was instructed to report upon the expediency of such action. In his report, lately submitted, he treats the subject at some length. In brief, the facts are these. There are two systems of education connected with the State: one consists of the public schools, the other of the chartered academies and colleges. The Department of Public Instruction manages the relations of the State to the first, the Board of Regents to the second. The Regents are authorized by the Legislature to grant charters both to colleges and academies, and to distribute money among the latter upon certain conditions. They may grant honorary degrees, and are required to visit and inspect the colleges and academies annually, reporting upon their condition to the Legislature. They have also charge of the State Library and State Cabinet of Natural History, and of the State Normal School at Albany. These are their duties, and the question is whether it is desirable that all the schools of every kind with which the State has relations should be under the control of one body, or whether it is wiser to maintain the present separate supervision.

The Superintendent states that the powers of the Regents are very limited, and that practically they can do nothing but visit and report. If greater efficiency is sought in the academic system greater power must be given to the Board. But the Superintendent is of opinion that the time has not come for making the academies free; in other words, for including what is called higher education in the public school system; and that to unite free schools with chartered academies charging for tuition would make a very incongruous system. He thinks, therefore, that the principle of the present system of a dual supervision should be maintained; but he sees no reason that the Board which has the care of the academies should be an independent body separately reporting to the Legislature. He would have unity of control of all the schools of every kind that depend in any degree upon the State; and to this end there should be a single Department of Education. He consequently recommends that the Board of Regents be made a part of that Department, charged with their present duties, and that their report be made to the Head of the Department, to be incorporated in his annual report, so that one document may show the operation of the entire system of State relation to education. And he also recommends that the Regents be hereafter elected for a limited term.

The Superintendent does not enter upon the question—for it was not submitted to him—whether the State should give any aid whatever to private academies. There are now in the State of New York twenty-two colleges, about two hundred academies, and eighty Union free schools, which are a combination, by consent of the districts, of the academy and the common school. There have been altogether forty colleges and four hundred and twenty academies chartered, but many have become dormant or are relinquished. Others undoubtedly would languish, if not die, but for the State aid. Upon the whole, however, it is wisely given. The public money that helps to support an academy in a district where otherwise there would be none is probably well spent.

That the changes proposed by the Superintendent would tend to make the management of the relation of the academies to the State more efficient is not very clear. In subordinating the Regents to the Head of the Department of Education, and limiting their term, their dignity is somewhat diminished. And although it is their dignity which is the object of much irreverent satire, to which Halleck contributed, yet to reduce the dignity of an unpaid body of public officers does not seem to be a policy likely to increase their zeal or efficiency. The Superintendent argues forcibly and well in favor of maintaining the substance of the present system; and with great deference for the opinion of an officer of experience and sagacity, it seems to us that, if the system is to continue, the changes proposed would be disadvantageous.

THE PUBLIC MONEY AND THE SECTS.

In the minority report of the Committee on Public Education made to the Assembly and signed by the chairman, Mr. Flagg, and three associates, it is asserted that the subject of the diversion of the public money to sectarian purposes has been either misunderstood or misrepresented; and this paper is charged with publishing "vulgar and blasphemous pictures" to arouse the prejudice of the community against a wrong which exists only in its imagination. The report states that the law of last year by which money was given to sectarian schools does not involve any money received for the common school tax; and, consequently, that it will be time enough to defend the school moneys when they are attacked.

Of course the Committee are aware that this is the merest quibble. The act complained of is the tenth section of the New York county tax levy for 1869, which divides an "amount equal to twenty per cent. on the excise moneys received for said city in 1868" among certain schools. This is not money taken from the common school fund, which the constitution secures to the support of common schools; *but it is money paid out of the State treasury for the support of sectarian schools*, and that is the very point of the opposition. It is public money paid for sectarian education—a measure wholly at war with one of the fundamental principles of the government. And, however earnestly the minority of the Committee may insist that the school moneys have not been touched, they know, as well as the rest of us, the claim now made is that those moneys shall be divided proportionally among the sects. It seems to us unworthy of the accomplished chairman of the Committee on Education painfully to elaborate a quibble as a reply to the demand that the State shall not provide sectarian instruction; and the report merely shows how utterly unjustifiable and dangerous is the act of last year, under which it is done.

THOMAS R. GLEN.

One of the most faithful friends of the readers of this paper, and one to whom they are greatly indebted for the accuracy and neatness of its general "make up," but one, also, whose name even was unknown to them, has recently died, after a wasting illness of some months; and nowhere more properly than here could the name of Thomas R. Glen be mentioned, and with the sincerest honor and regard. He was born in Scotland, and came to this country in 1840. Very soon afterward he was in the employment of Harper & Brothers, with whom he continued for twenty-eight years, until his death on Tuesday, March 29, at the age of fifty-four. During much of that time he was foreman of the composing-room of the *Magazine*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar*; and no man could be more devoted and able in the discharge of his important responsibility. Indeed his conscientious fidelity was such that, despite the most friendly remonstrance, he was anxious to assume every burden, and seemed to feel any failure of others as a fault of his own. Mr. Glen had all the proverbial sagacity of his nation. Intelligent, perceptive, interested in every generous and humane effort, modest and gentle in manner, an efficient and admirable chief in his vocation, his noiseless professional devotion, his singularly upright and simple character, his blameless life, will always be not only kindly, but gratefully, remembered by those who were his daily companions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 28.—Nothing of importance was done in the Senate.—In the House, the whole day was devoted to the debate on the Tariff bill.

March 29.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a substitute for the joint resolution regarding the income tax, which provides for the taxing of incomes received during the present year at the rate now established, and thereafter at three per cent. The Texas bill, striking out the proviso that the act shall not affect in any manner the condition and guarantees upon which the State was annexed and admitted, was passed.—In the House, nothing of importance was done.

March 30.—In the Senate, the day was mostly devoted to debate, in executive session, on the San Domingo treaty; no action was taken.—In the House, the Senate amendment to the Texas bill was, after some discussion, concurred in by a party vote.

March 31.—In the Senate, the credentials of Messrs. Hamilton and Flanigan, Senators elect from Texas, were presented and the members sworn in. A bill was passed allowing retired army officers to be assigned for duty at Soldiers' Homes.—In the House, the admission of the Texas members was the occasion of a long debate, mainly in the case of Captain Connor, against whom Messrs. Butler and Shanks, of Indiana, attempted to bring serious charges. The entire delegation, however, was sworn in.

April 1.—In the Senate, the case of General Ames, Senator elect from Mississippi, was finally disposed of after another long debate. The report of the Judiciary Committee, on motion of Mr. Sumner, by a vote of forty to twelve, was changed so as to read "is eligible," instead of "is not," and General Ames was admitted to his seat.—In the House, the whole day was given to debate on the Tariff bill.

April 2.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, a bill was passed authorizing the city of Buffalo to tunnel the Niagara River. The greater part of the session was taken up with the discussion of the Tariff bill.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

A meeting of the Democratic General Committee was to take place in Tammany Hall, in this city, on the 28th ult., for the purpose of investigating the action of Mr. Tweed, Chairman of the Democratic General Committee, who was freely charged by members of the rival Democratic factions with having betrayed the party, and securing the defeat of the new charter for New York. On assembling in answer to the call, the members of the Committee found the doors of the "Wigwam" closed by order of the Sachems. The reason assigned for this course was that violence and riot were feared; but the "Young Democracy" assert that Mr. Tweed was afraid of being voted out of his chairmanship if he permitted the meeting to be held. Since then the ill-feeling that existed between the rival factions appears to have subsided, and on the 30th ult. another charter for New York was passed by the Assembly with scarcely any opposition.

On the 30th ult. the President sent both Houses of Congress a message communicating the fact of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution by the required number of States, and inclosing also the official proclamation of the event.

The people of San Francisco were dreadfully frightened on the 2d inst. by a severe earthquake shock. No serious damage was done; but the rocking of the buildings sent the whole population into the streets, and for a little while the excitement was intense.

FOREIGN NEWS.

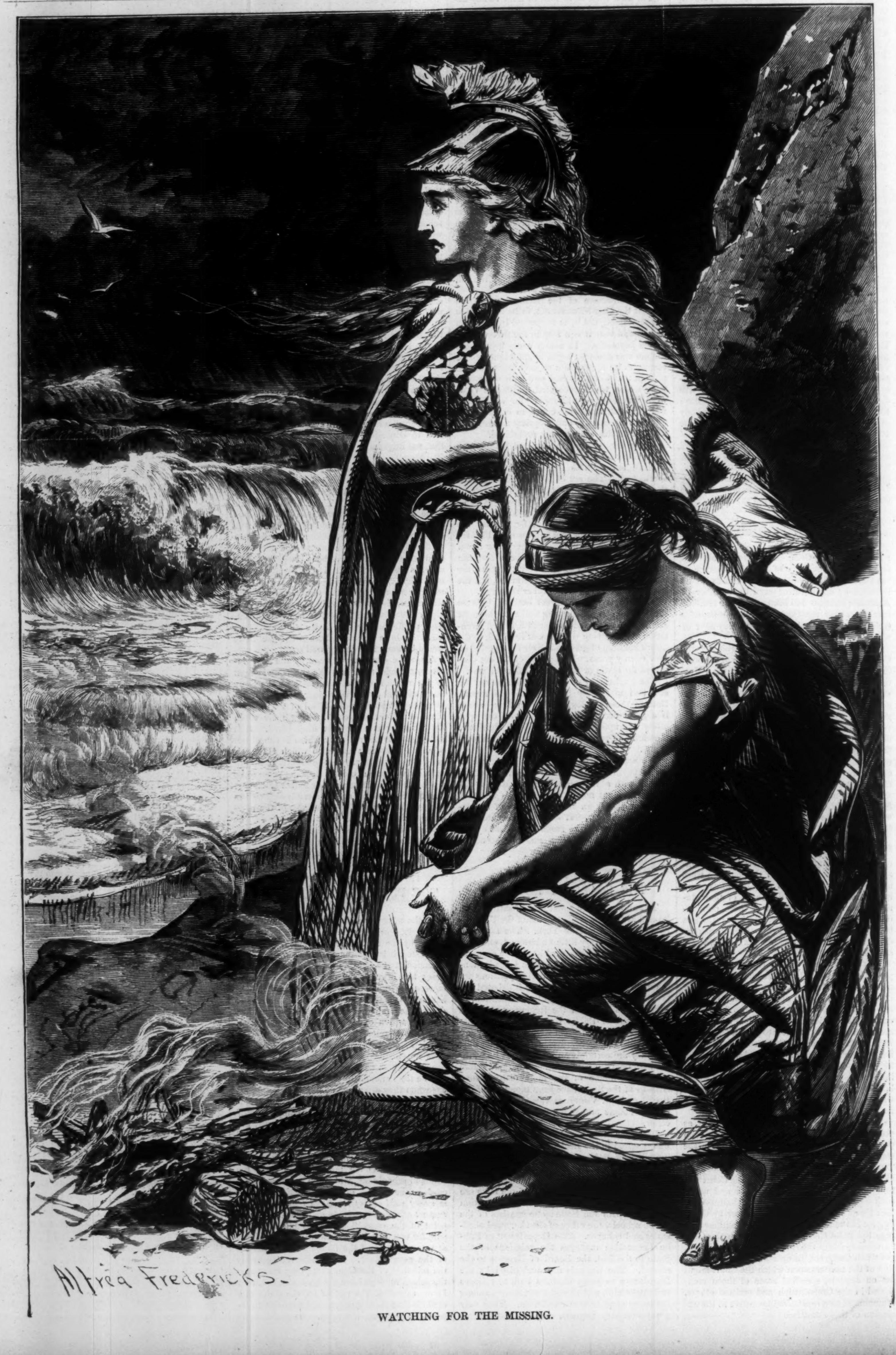
The project of a Senatus Consultum, drawn up by M. Ollivier, in accordance with the view of the Emperor, has been presented to the French Senate. It makes some important changes, dividing the legislative powers between the Emperor, Corps Législatif, and the Senate. The latter body is to number one-third less than the Chamber of Deputies, and former articles giving the constituent power to the Senate are abrogated. No change can henceforth be made in the Constitution except by the voice of the people on the proposal of the Emperor. The Emperor desires a vote of the people on this project.

Pierre Bonaparte has been sentenced to pay the family of Victor Noir 25,000 francs and the expenses of the civil suit.

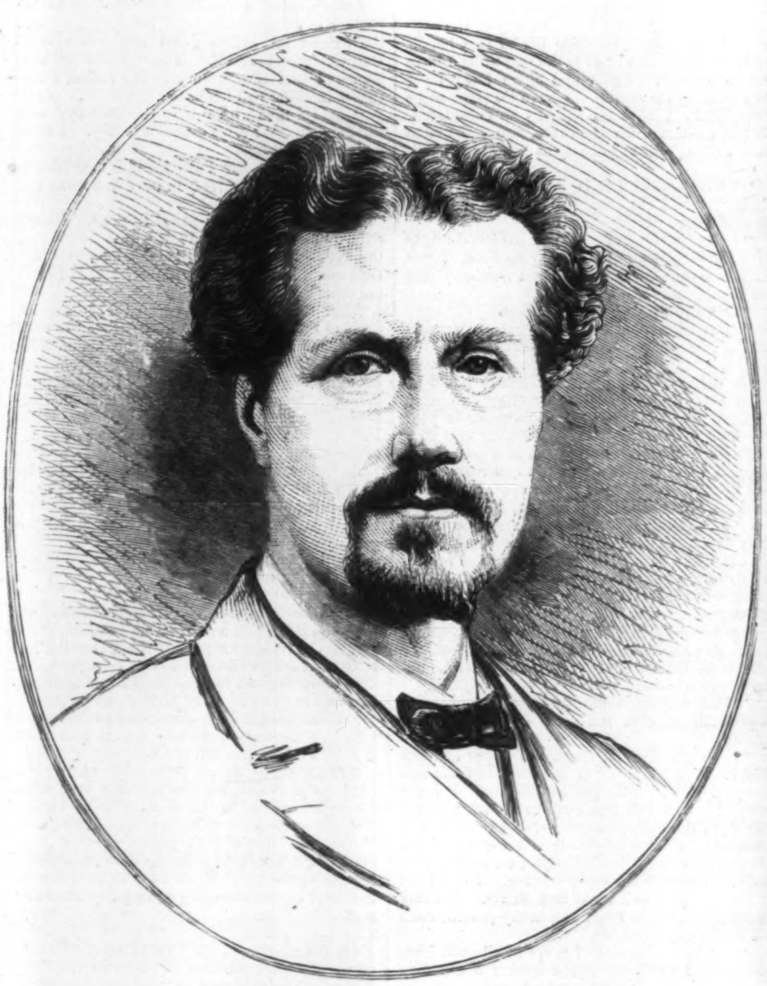
A very serious strike exists among the iron workers at La Creuzot, in France, and the military have been sent there to preserve order.

Discontent in Ireland is on the increase, and many outrages against landlords and property are reported. In consequence of the passage of the Irish Force bill by the British Parliament the tide of emigration has greatly increased.

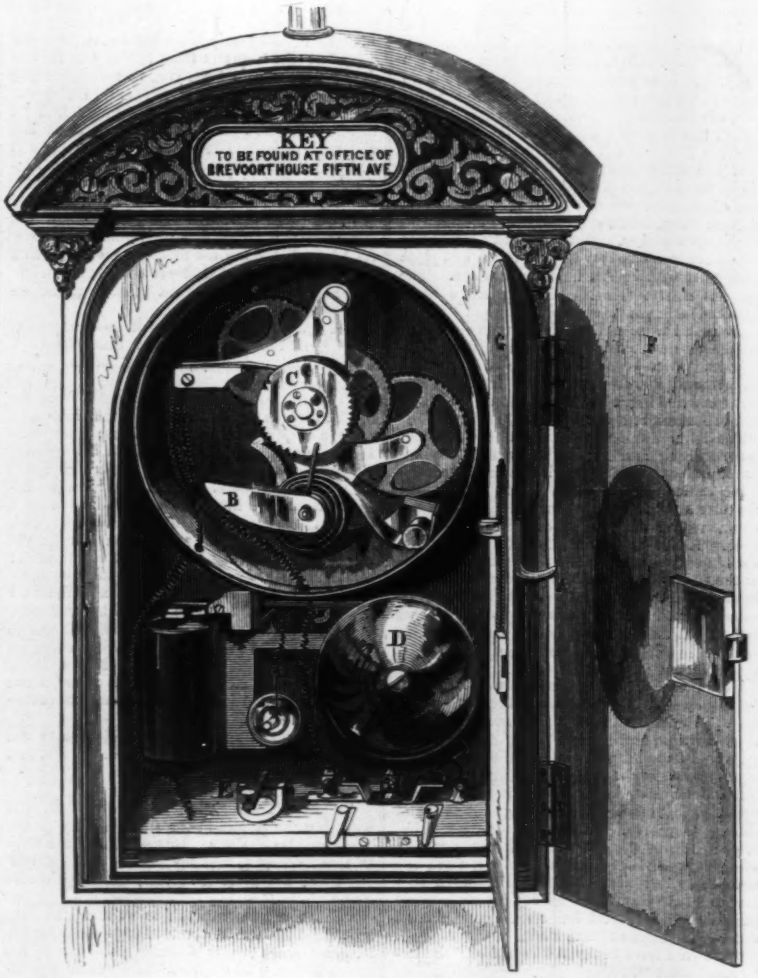
A general movement of Spanish troops against the Cuban insurgents of the Central Department is reported. Strong columns left Puerto Principe on the 1st. One from Puerto del Padre is directed to the rear of the Cubans. General Goyenche, who is in the mountains, reports the surrender of 300 insurgents, and the capture of a dépôt of artillery. Five hundred Spanish troops arrived at Havana on the 3d instant.


Alfred Fredericks.

WATCHING FOR THE MISSING.



PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON.—[See Page 247.]



THE NEW FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH—SIGNAL-BOX.—[See Page 247.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Two days after the marriage—on Wednesday, the ninth of September—a packet of letters, received at Windygates, was forwarded by Lady Lundie's steward to Ham Farm.

With one exception, the letters were all addressed either to Sir Patrick or to his sister-in-law. The one exception was directed to "Arnold Brinkworth, Esq., care of Lady Lundie, Windygates House, Perthshire"—and the envelope was specially protected by a seal.

Noticing that the post-mark was "Glasgow," Sir Patrick (to whom the letter had been delivered) looked with a certain distrust at the handwriting on the address. It was not known to him—but it was obviously the handwriting of a woman. Lady Lundie was sitting opposite to him at the table. He said, carelessly, "A letter for Arnold"—and pushed it across to her. Her ladyship took up the letter, and dropped it, the instant she looked at the handwriting, as if it had burned her fingers.

"The Person again!" exclaimed Lady Lundie. "The Person, presuming to address Arnold Brinkworth, at My house!"

"Miss Silvester?" asked Sir Patrick.

"No," said her ladyship, shutting her teeth with a snap. "The Person may insult me by addressing a letter to my care. But the Person's name shall not pollute my lips. Not even in your house, Sir Patrick. Not even to please *you.*"

Sir Patrick was sufficiently answered. After all that had happened—after her farewell letter to Blanche—here was Miss Silvester writing to Blanche's husband, of her own accord! It was unaccountable, to say the least of it. He took the letter back, and looked at it again. Lady Lundie's steward was a methodical man. He had indorsed each letter received at Windygates with the date of its delivery. The letter addressed to Arnold had been delivered on Monday, the seventh of September—on Arnold's wedding-day.

What did it mean?

It was pure waste of time to inquire. Sir Patrick rose to lock the letter up in one of the drawers of the writing-table behind him. Lady Lundie interfered (in the interest of morality).

"Sir Patrick!"

"Yes?"

"Don't you consider it your duty to open that letter?"

"My dear lady! what can you possibly be thinking of?"

The most virtuous of living women had her answer ready on the spot.

"I am thinking," said Lady Lundie, "of Arnold's moral welfare."

Sir Patrick smiled. On the long list of those respectable disguises under which we assert our own importance, or gratify our own love of meddling in our neighbor's affairs, a moral regard for the welfare of others figures in the foremost place, and stands deservedly as number one.

"We shall probably hear from Arnold in a day or two," said Sir Patrick, locking the letter up in the drawer. "He shall have it as soon as I know where to send it to him."

The next morning brought news of the bride and bridegroom.

They reported themselves to be too supremely happy to care where they lived, so long as they lived together. Every question but the question of Love was left in the competent hands of their courier. This sensible and trust-worthy man had decided that Paris was not to be thought of as a place of residence, by any sane human being, in the month of September. He had arranged that they were to leave for Baden—on their way to Switzerland—on the tenth. Letters were accordingly to be addressed to that place, until further notice. If the courier liked Baden, they would probably stay there for some time. If the courier took a fancy for the mountains, they would in that case go on to Switzerland. In the mean while nothing mattered to Arnold but Blanche—and nothing mattered to Blanche but Arnold.

Sir Patrick re-directed Anne Silvester's letter to Arnold, at the Poste Restante, Baden. A second letter, which had arrived that morning (addressed to Arnold in a legal handwriting, and bearing the post-mark of Edinburgh), was forwarded in the same way, and at the same time.

Two days later Ham Farm was deserted by the guests. Lady Lundie had gone back to Windygates. The rest had separated in their different directions. Sir Patrick, who also contemplated returning to Scotland, remained behind for a week—a solitary prisoner in his own country house. Accumulated arrears of business, with which it was impossible for his steward to deal single-handed, obliged him to remain at his estates in Kent for that time. To a man without a taste for partridge-shooting the ordeal was a trying one. Sir Patrick got through the day with the help of his business and his books. In the evening the rector of a neighboring parish drove over to dinner, and engaged his host at the noble but obsolete game of Piquet. They arranged to meet at each other's houses on alternate days. The rector was an admirable player; and Sir Patrick, though a born Presbyterian, blessed the Church of England from the bottom of his heart.

Three more days passed. Business at Ham Farm began to draw to an end. The time for Sir Patrick's journey to Scotland came nearer. The two partners at Piquet agreed to meet for a final game, on the next night, at the rector's house. But (let us take comfort in remembering it) our superiors in Church and State are as completely at the mercy of circumstances as the humblest and the poorest of us. That last game of Piquet between the baronet and the parson was never to be played.

On the afternoon of the fourth day Sir Patrick came in from a drive, and found a letter from Arnold waiting for him, which had been delivered by the second post.

Judged by externals only, it was a letter of an unusually perplexing—possibly also of an unusually interesting—kind. Arnold was one of the last persons in the world whom any of his friends would have suspected of being a lengthy correspondent. Here, nevertheless, was a letter from him, of three times the customary bulk and weight—and, apparently, of more than common importance, in the matter of news, besides. At the top the envelope was marked "*Immediate.*" And at one side (also underlined) was the ominous word, "*Private.*"

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" thought Sir Patrick.

He opened the envelope.

Two inclosures fell out on the table. He looked at them for a moment. They were the two letters which he had forwarded to Baden. The third letter remaining in his hand, and occupying a double sheet, was from Arnold himself. Sir Patrick read Arnold's letter first. It was dated "Baden," and it began as follows:

"My Dear Sir Patrick,—Don't be alarmed, if you can possibly help it. I am in a terrible mess."

Sir Patrick looked up for a moment from the letter. Given a young man who dates from "Baden," and declares himself to be in "a terrible mess," as representing the circumstances of the case—what is the interpretation to be placed on them? Sir Patrick drew the inevitable conclusion. Arnold had been gambling.

He shook his head, and went on with the letter.

"I must say, dreadful as it is, that I am not to blame—nor she either, poor thing."

Sir Patrick paused again. "She?" Blanche had apparently been gambling too? Nothing was wanting to complete the picture but an announcement in the next sentence, presenting the courier as carried away, in his turn, by the insatiate passion for play. Sir Patrick resumed:

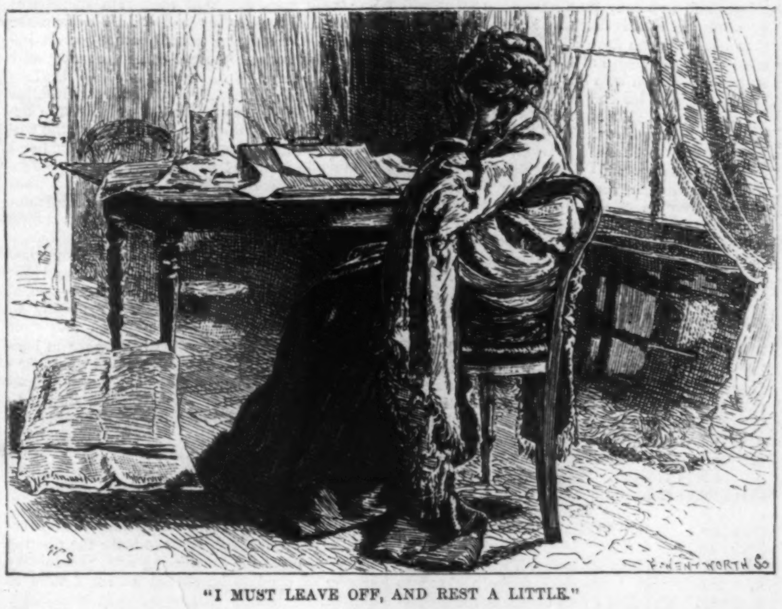
"You can not, I am sure, expect *me* to have known the law. And as for poor Miss Silvester—"

"Miss Silvester?" What had Miss Silvester to do with it? And what could be the meaning of the reference to "the law?"

Sir Patrick had read the letter, thus far, standing up. A vague distrust stole over him at the appearance of Miss Silvester's name in connection with the lines which had preceded it. He felt nothing approaching to a clear prevision of what was to come. Some indescribable influence was at work in him, which shook his nerves, and made him feel the infirmities of his age (as it seemed) on a sudden. It went no further than that. He was obliged to sit down: he was obliged to wait a moment before he went on.

The letter proceeded, in these words:

"And, as for poor Miss Silvester, though she felt, as she reminds me, some misgivings—still, she never could have foreseen, being no lawyer either, how it was to end. I hardly know the best way to break it to you. I can't, and won't, believe it myself. But even if it should be true, I am quite sure you will find a way out of it for us. I will stick at nothing, and Miss Silvester (as you will see by her letter) will stick at no-



"I MUST LEAVE OFF, AND REST A LITTLE."

thing either, to set things right. Of course, I have not said one word to my darling Blanche, who is quite happy, and suspects nothing. All this, dear Sir Patrick, is very badly written, I am afraid, but it is meant to prepare you, and to put the best side on matters at starting. However, the truth must be told—and shame on the Scotch law is what *I* say. This it is, in short: Geoffrey Delamayn is even a greater scoundrel than you think him; and I bitterly repent (as things have turned out) having held my tongue that night when you and I had our private talk at Ham Farm. You will think I am mixing two things up together. But I am not. Please to keep this about Geoffrey in your mind, and piece it together with what I have next to say. The worst is still to come. Miss Silvester's letter (inclosed) tells me this terrible thing. You must know that I went to her privately, as Geoffrey's messenger, on the day of the lawn-party at Windygates. Well—how it could have happened, Heaven only knows—but there is reason to fear that I married her, without being aware of it myself, in August last, at the Craig Fernie inn."

The letter dropped from Sir Patrick's hand. He sank back in the chair, stunned for the moment, under the shock that had fallen on him.

He rallied, and rose bewildered to his feet. He took a turn in the room. He stopped, and summoned his will, and steadied himself by main force. He picked up the letter, and read the last sentence again. His face flushed. He was on the point of yielding himself to a useless outburst of anger against Arnold, when his better sense checked him at the last moment. "One fool in the family is enough," he said. "*My* business in this dreadful emergency is to keep my head clear for Blanche's sake."

He waited once more, to make sure of his own composure—and turned again to the letter, to see what the writer had to say for himself, in the way of explanation and excuse.

Arnold had plenty to say—with the drawback of not knowing how to say it. It was hard to decide which quality in his letter was most marked—the total absence of arrangement, or the total absence of reserve. Without beginning, middle, or end, he told the story of his fatal connection with the troubles of Anne Silvester, from the memorable day when Geoffrey Delamayn sent him to Craig Fernie, to the equally memorable night when Sir Patrick had tried vainly to make him open his lips at Ham Farm.

"I own I have behaved like a fool," the letter concluded, "in keeping Geoffrey Delamayn's secret for him—as things have turned out. But how could I tell upon him without compromising Miss Silvester? Read her letter, and you will see what she says, and how generously she releases me. It's no use saying I am sorry I wasn't more cautious. The mischief is done. I'll stick at nothing—as I have said before—to undo it. Only tell me what is the first step I am to take; and, as long as it don't part me from Blanche, rely on my taking it. Waiting to hear from you, I remain, dear Sir Patrick, yours in great perplexity, Arnold Brinkworth."

Sir Patrick folded the letter, and looked at the two inclosures lying on the table. His eye was hard, his brow was frowning, as he put his hand to take up Anne's letter. The letter from Arnold's agent in Edinburgh lay nearer to him. As it happened, he took that first.

It was short enough, and clearly enough written, to invite a reading before he put it down again. The lawyer reported that he had made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, with this result. Anne had been traced to The Sheep's Head Hotel. She had lain there utterly helpless, from illness, until the beginning of September. She had been advertised, without result, in the Glasgow newspapers. On the 5th of September she had sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the hotel. She had been seen at the railway station on the same day—but from that point all trace of her had been lost once more. The lawyer had accordingly stopped the proceedings, and now waited further instructions from his client.

This letter was not without its effect in encouraging Sir Patrick to suspend the harsh and hasty judgment of Anne, which any man, placed in his present situation, must have been inclined to form. Her illness claimed its small share of sympathy. Her friendless position—so plainly and so sadly revealed by the advertising in the newspapers—pleaded for merciful construction of faults committed, if faults there were. Gravely, but not angrily, Sir Patrick opened her letter—the letter that cast a doubt on his niece's marriage.

Thus Anne Silvester wrote:

"Glasgow, *September* 5.

"Dear Mr. Brinkworth,—Nearly three weeks since I attempted to write to you from this place. I was seized by sudden illness while I was engaged over my letter; and from that time to this I have laid helpless in bed—very near, as they tell me, to death. I was strong enough to be dressed, and to sit up for a little while yesterday and the day before. To-day, I have made a better advance toward recovery. I can hold my pen and control my thoughts. The first use to which I put this improvement is to write these lines.

"I am going (so far as I know) to surprise—possibly to alarm—you. There is no escaping from it, for you or for me: it must be done.

"Thinking of how best to introduce what I am now obliged to say, I can find no better way than this. I must ask you to take your memory back to a day which we have both bitter reason to regret—the day when Geoffrey Delamayn sent you to see me at the inn at Craig Fernie.

"You may possibly not remember—it unhappily produced no impression on you at the time—that I felt, and expressed, more than once on that occasion, a very great dislike to your passing me off on the people of the inn as your wife. It was necessary to my being permitted to remain at Craig Fernie that you should do so. I knew this; but still I shrank from it. It was impossible for me to contradict you, without involving you in the painful consequences, and running the risk of making a scandal which might find its way to Blanche's ears. I knew this also; but still my conscience reproached me. It was a vague feeling. I was quite unaware of the actual danger in which you were placing yourself, or I would have spoken out, no matter what came of it. I had what is called a presentiment that you were not acting discreetly—nothing more. As I love and honor my mother's memory—as I trust in the mercy of God—this is the truth.

"You left the inn the next morning, and we have not met since.

"A few days after you went away my anxieties grew more than I could bear alone. I went secretly to Windygates, and had an interview with Blanche.

"She was absent for a few minutes from the room in which we had met. In that interval I saw Geoffrey Delamayn for the first time since I had left him at Lady Lundie's lawn-party. He treated me as if I was a stranger. He told me that he had found out all that had passed between us at the inn. He said he had taken a lawyer's opinion. Oh, Mr. Brinkworth! how can I break it to you? how can I write the words which repeat what he said to me next? It must be done. Cruel as it is, it must be done. He refused to my face to marry me. He said I was married already. He said I was your wife.

"Now you know why I have referred you to what I felt (and confessed to feeling) when we were together at Craig Fernie. If you think hard thoughts, and say hard words of me, I can claim no right to blame you. I am innocent—and yet it is my fault.

"My head swims, and the foolish tears are rising in spite of me. I must leave off, and rest a little.

"I have been sitting at the window, and watching the people in the street as they go by. They are all strangers. But, somehow, the sight of them seems to rest my mind. The hum of the great city gives me heart, and helps me to go on.

"I can not trust myself to write of the man who has betrayed us both. Disgraced and broken as I am, there is something still left in me which lifts me above *him*. If he came repentant, at this moment, and offered me all that rank and wealth and worldly consideration can give, I would rather be what I am now than be his wife.

"Let me speak of you; and (for Blanche's sake) let me speak of myself.

"I ought, no doubt, to have waited to see you at Windygates, and to have told you at once of what had happened. But I was weak and ill; and the shock of hearing what I heard fell so heavily on me that I fainted. After I came to myself I was so horrified, when I thought of you and Blanche, that a sort of madness possessed me. I had but one idea—the idea of running away and hiding myself.

"My mind got clearer and quieter on the way to this place; and, arrived here, I did what I hope and believe was the best thing I could do. I consulted two lawyers. They differed in opinion as to whether we were married or not—according to the law which decides on such things in Scotland. The first said Yes. The second said No—but advised me to write immediately and tell you the position in which you stood. I attempted to write the same day, and fell ill as you know.

"Thank God, the delay that has happened is of no consequence. I asked Blanche, at Windygates, when you were to be married—and she told me not until the end of the autumn. It is only the fifth of September now. You have plenty of time before you. For all our sakes, make good use of it.

"What are you to do?

"Go at once to Sir Patrick Lundie, and show him this letter. Follow his advice—no matter how it may affect *me*. I should ill requite your kindness, I should be false indeed to the love I bear to Blanche, if I hesitated to brave any exposure that may now be necessary in your interests and in hers. You have been all that is generous, all that is delicate, all that is kind in this matter. You have kept my disgraceful secret—I am quite sure of it—with the fidelity of an honorable man who has had a woman's reputation placed in his charge. I release you, with my whole heart, dear Mr. Brinkworth, from your pledge. I entreat you, on my knees, to consider yourself free to reveal the truth. I will make any acknowledgment, on my side, that is needful under the circumstances—no matter how public it may be. Release yourself at any price; and then, and not till then, give back your regard to the miserable women who has laden you with the burden of her sorrow, and darkened your life for a moment with the shadow of her shame.

"Pray don't think there is any painful sacrifice involved in this. The quieting of my own mind is involved in it—and that is all.

"What has life left for *me?* Nothing but the barren necessity of living. When I think of the future now, my mind passes over the years that may be left to me in this world. Sometimes I dare to hope that the Divine Mercy of Christ—which once pleaded on earth for a woman like me—may plead, when death has taken me, for my spirit in Heaven. Sometimes I dare to hope that I may see my mother, and Blanche's mother, in the better world. Their hearts were bound together as the hearts of sisters while they were here; and they left to their children the legacy of their love. Oh, help me to say, if we meet again, that not in vain I promised to be a sister to Blanche! The debt I owe to her is the hereditary debt of my mother's gratitude. And what am I now? An obstacle in the way of the happiness of her life. Sacrifice me to that happiness, for God's sake! It is the one thing I have left to live for. Again and again I say it—I care nothing for myself. I have no right to be considered; I have no wish to be considered. Tell the whole truth about me, and call me to bear witness to it as publicly as you please!

"I have waited a little, once more, trying to think, before I close my letter, what there may be still left to write.

"I can not think of any thing left but the duty of informing you how you may find me, if you wish to write—or if it is thought necessary that we should meet again.

"One word before I tell you this.

"It is impossible for me to guess what you will do, or what you will be advised to do by others, when you get my letter. I don't even know that you may not already have heard of what your position is from Geoffrey Delamayn himself. In this event, or in the event of your thinking it desirable to take Blanche into your confidence, I venture to suggest that you should appoint some person whom you can trust to see me on your behalf—or, if you can not do this, that you should see me in the presence of a third person. The man who has not hesitated to betray us both, will not hesitate to misrepresent us in the vilest way, if he can do it in the future. For your own sake, let us be careful to give lying tongues no opportunity of assailing your place in Blanche's estimation. Don't act so as to risk putting yourself in a false position *again!* Don't let it be possible that a feeling unworthy of her should be roused in the loving and generous nature of your future wife!

"This written, I may now tell you how to communicate with me after I have left this place.

"You will find on the slip of paper inclosed the name and address of the second of the two lawyers whom I consulted in Glasgow. It is arranged between us that I am to inform him, by letter, of the next place to which I remove, and that he is to communicate the information either to you or to Sir Patrick Lundie, on your applying for it personally or by writing. I don't yet know myself where I may find refuge. Nothing is certain but that I can not, in my present state of weakness, travel far.

"If you wonder why I move at all until I am stronger, I can only give a reason which may appear fanciful and overstrained.

"I have been informed that I was advertised in the Glasgow newspapers during the time when I lay at this hotel, a stranger at the point of death. Trouble has perhaps made me morbidly suspicious. I am afraid of what may happen if I stay here, after my place of residence has been made publicly known. So, as soon as I can move, I go away in secret. It will be enough for me, if I can find rest and peace in some quiet place, in the country round Glasgow. You need feel no anxiety about my means of living. I have money enough for all that I need—and, if I get well again, I know how to earn my bread.

"I send no message to Blanche—I dare not till this is over. Wait till she is your happy wife; and then give her a kiss, and say it comes from Anne.

"Try and forgive me, dear Mr. Brinkworth. I have said all. Yours gratefully,

"Anne Silvester."

Sir Patrick put the letter down with unfeigned respect for the woman who had written it.

Something of the personal influence which Anne exercised more or less over all the men with whom she came in contact seemed to communicate itself to the old lawyer through the medium of her letter. His thoughts perversely wandered away from the serious and pressing question of his niece's position into a region of purely speculative inquiry relating to Anne. What infatuation (he asked himself) had placed that noble creature at the mercy of such a man as Geoffrey Delamayn?

We have all, at one time or another in our lives, been perplexed as Sir Patrick was perplexed now.

If we know any thing by experience, we know that women cast themselves away impulsively on unworthy men, and that men ruin themselves headlong for unworthy women. We have the institution of Divorce actually among us, existing mainly because the two sexes are perpetually placing themselves in these anomalous relations toward each other. And yet, at every fresh instance which comes before us, we persist in being astonished to find that the man and the woman have not chosen each other on rational and producible grounds! We expect human passion to act on logical principles; and human fallibility—with love for its guide—to be above all danger of making a mistake! Ask the wisest among Anne Silvester's sex what they saw to rationally justify them in choosing the men to whom they have given their hearts and their lives, and you will be putting a question to those wise women which they never once thought of putting to themselves. Nay, more still. Look into your own experience, and say frankly, Could you justify your own excellent choice at the time when you irrevocably made it? Could you have put your reasons on paper when you first owned to yourself that you loved him? And would the reasons have borne critical inspection if you had?

Sir Patrick gave it up in despair. The interests of his niece were at stake. He wisely determined to rouse his mind by occupying himself with the practical necessities of the moment. It was essential to send an apology to the rector, in the first place, so as to leave the evening at his disposal for considering what preliminary course of conduct he should advise Arnold to pursue.

After writing a few lines of apology to his partner at Piquet—assigning family business as the excuse for breaking his engagement—Sir Patrick rang the bell. The faithful Duncan appeared, and saw at once in his master's face that something had happened.

"Send a man with this to the Rectory," said Sir Patrick. "I can't dine out to-day. I must have a chop at home."

"I am afraid, Sir Patrick—if I may be excused for remarking it—you have had some bad news?"

"The worst possible news, Duncan. I can't tell you about it now. Wait within hearing of the bell. In the mean time let nobody interrupt me. If the steward himself comes I can't see him."

After thinking it over carefully, Sir Patrick decided that there was no alternative but to send a message to Arnold and Blanche, summoning them back to England in the first place. The necessity of questioning Arnold, in the minutest detail, as to every thing that had happened between Anne Silvester and himself at the Craig Fernie inn, was the first and foremost necessity of the case.

At the same time it appeared to be desirable, for Blanche's sake, to keep her in ignorance, for the present at least, of what had happened. Sir Patrick met this difficulty with characteristic ingenuity and readiness of resource.

He wrote a telegram to Arnold, expressed in the following terms:

"Your letter and inclosures received. Return to Ham Farm as soon as you conveniently can. Keep the thing still a secret from Blanche. Tell her, as the reason for coming back, that the lost trace of Anne Silvester has been recovered, and that there may be reasons for her returning to England before any thing further can be done."

Duncan having been dispatched to the station with this message, Duncan's master proceeded to calculate the question of time.

Arnold would in all probability receive the telegram at Baden, on the next day, September the seventeenth. In three days more he and Blanche might be expected to reach Ham Farm. During the interval thus placed at his disposal Sir Patrick would have ample time in which to recover himself, and to see his way to acting for the best in the alarming emergency that now confronted him.

On the nineteenth Sir Patrick received a telegram informing him that he might expect to see the young couple late in the evening on the twentieth.

Late in the evening the sound of carriage-wheels was audible on the drive; and Sir Patrick, opening the door of his room, heard the familiar voices in the hall.

"Well!" cried Blanche, catching sight of him at the door, "is Anne found?"

"Not just yet, my dear."

"Is there news of her?"

"Yes."

"Am I in time to be of use?"

"In excellent time. You shall hear all about it to-morrow. Go and take off your traveling-things, and come down again to supper as soon as you can."

Blanche kissed him, and went on up stairs. She had, as her uncle thought in the glimpse he had caught of her, been improved by her marriage. It had quieted and steadied her. There were graces in her look and manner which Sir Patrick had not noticed before. Arnold, on his side, appeared to less advantage. He was restless and anxious; his position with Miss Silvester seemed to be preying on his mind. As soon as his young wife's back was turned, he appealed to Sir Patrick in an eager whisper.

"I hardly dare ask you what I have got it on my mind to say," he began. "I must bear it, if you are angry with me, Sir Patrick. But—only tell me one thing. Is there a way out of it for us? Have you thought of that?"

"I can not trust myself to speak of it clearly and composedly to-night," said Sir Patrick. "Be satisfied if I tell you that I have thought it all out—and wait for the rest till to-morrow."

Other persons concerned in the coming drama had had past difficulties to think out, and future movements to consider, during the interval occupied by Arnold and Blanche on their return journey to England. Between the seventeenth and the twentieth of September Geoffrey Delamayn had left Swanhaven, on the way to his new training quarters in the neighborhood in which the Foot-Race at Fulham was to be run. Between the same dates, also, Captain Newenden had taken the opportunity, while passing through London on his way south, to consult his solicitors. The object of the conference was to find means of discovering an anonymous letter-writer in Scotland, who had presumed to cause serious annoyance to Mrs. Glenarm.

Thus, by ones and twos, converging from widely distant quarters, they were now beginning to draw together, in the near neighborhood of the great city which was soon destined to assemble them all, for the first and the last time in this world, face to face.

THROUGH THE BARS OF A CELL.

Courteous Reader,—I am the inmate of a State Prison. Do not be astonished, my friend, at being addressed by such a being. I can assure you I am a special convict, and, perhaps, some of these days when I am free, you may encounter my veritable self in the bosom of your social circle. If your curiosity is awakened, I will breathe to you through the gratings of my cell my eventful history. It is a strange one, respected friend. Indeed I make bold to say that a stranger one was never breathed into you rear.

I had an only brother. We had been brought up in a distant village in the State of Pennsylvania. Our father died when my younger brother was born, leaving my mother very poor. She brought us up bravely, however. I being the eldest, was sent off at an early age to fight the battle of life, and, while helping myself, to do something toward helping others. With this noble purpose in my mind I made rapid progress, and finally had the hardihood to set off to New York, rightly imagining that there there were the greatest prizes for an ambitious youth. Full of the most ardent affection for my mother, I tried to make every thing turn to my own advancement. I felt as though every act of my life had an effect upon their fortunes. This feeling so inspired me that self-denial was not only easy, but delightful. Feeling as I did, that all my savings benefited them so greatly, how could I do otherwise than save?

I was extremely fortunate in New York. My last employers in the country gave me letters to one of the chief merchants in that city. He received me kindly. Finding out my industrious and saving habits, he speedily promoted me. Year by year he added to my salary. At length, after years of labor, I found myself, at the age of twenty-five, the confidential clerk of my employer, with a large salary, and the control of millions.

Some years before I had conceived the idea of giving my brother a good education. My brother was to me more like a son than any thing else. His nature was widely different from mine. I was bold, resolute, daring; he was gentle, poetical, and full of sentiment. I was stern, practical, and independent; he was quiet, reliant, and meditative. I was formed for a life of warfare and action; he for a life of study and meditation.

He went to college. His progress was remarkable; he was at the head in every thing; he graduated with the highest honors. I saw him at the final exhibition when he obtained his degree. I admired and applauded more than any one else my young brother. In truth, as he stood there with his fragile form, his pale face, his eye beaming with the light of genius, he was worthy of all the admiration I had to bestow. I have his portrait now with me. It resembles the poet Shelley more than any face that I have ever seen.

My brother went home, and, as I supposed, studied for his profession. I corresponded always with my mother. My brother was always irregular in letter-writing, and I never thought much of not hearing from him. I soon became troubled, however, at learning that he was unwell. I recommended a trip across the ocean and a tour through Europe, and offered to pay his expenses. After this offer I waited anxiously to learn the effect. I did not hear from home for nearly a month. I grew very anxious, and thought seriously of paying them a visit. Since my departure, fifteen years before, I had never been home, and had only met my relatives on their visits to me at New York.

One day on going to the office I found a telegraphic dispatch. The words of that dispatch have burned themselves into my memory:

"Your brother is dying! Come home!" It was a stranger's name. Great God! my brother dying! A stranger, too, telegraphing to me! What meant all this? Was my mother also dying?

I never closed my eyes for three days and three nights, nor did I eat a mouthful until I came in sight of my native town in Pennsylvania. I waited for two hours trying to overcome my agitation created by fasting and want of sleep. Ordinarily nothing ruffled me; but now I was as weak as a child. I walked up the main street. I came within sight of the old familiar cottage. The blinds were all down. Great Heaven! I was not prepared for such a blow. I dreaded the worst. The worst had come. A stranger opened the door—a stranger stared at me. I recognized much of the old furniture with which my mother would not part. I saw my brother's portrait hanging in the hall.

"Are they in?" I gasped out, not knowing what I said.

No one recognized me. I did not wish to be recognized. Fearful of being an object of vulgar pity, I had determined to act as a stranger. So, with all the calmness that I could muster, I asked after my mother by name. Then the blow fell. The woman at the door spoke solemnly:

"She's dead, Sir."

"Hadn't she a son?" I asked, with a frightful attempt at indifference.

"Yes, Sir—his death broke her down. She died next day."

"Unfortunate people!"

"Ah yes, Sir. There's never been a death in the village so unfortunate. Especially poor Henry, Sir. He was a great favorite."

"I used to know a brother of his in New York. Does he know about this?"

"Ah, Sir, I don't know. It 'll be a sad blow for him."

"How did it happen?"

"Won't you walk in, Sir? and I'll tell you."

"No, thank you. It's so close. I'm hot; I'll sit here."

I sank into a seat by the cottage door. The woman told me all. Her story was simply this:

When Henry came home from college he was the pride and boast of the village. People sought his acquaintance who before had overlooked him, and his learning and genius won the regards and admiration of all. Among the young ladies of the place there was one from Philadelphia who appeared to be greatly struck by my brother. She belonged to one of the first families in that city, and was exceedingly beautiful. Her beauty, however, was only in appearance. Strange to say, with the utmost loveliness of form and features, she combined a hardness of heart and a selfishness of nature frightful to contemplate. She only sought my brother for the sake of making a conquest of the talented young villager. As to love or marriage, she would have laughed at the idea. Her aspirations were far higher than that. By the utmost artfulness, and by the exceeding charm which she was capable of displaying, she completely overcome my brother. With all the intoxication of genius he surrendered himself to her power. With him to love was to give up his soul, his life, his all. It was no light or transitory matter. It was the most serious thing on earth. As to her, he never doubted her sincerity.

At last he woke from his dream, and only awaked—to die. He spoke to her once about his feelings. She treated him cruelly. When sure of his affections she began to try to torture him with jealousy. On his remonstrating, she turned him away forever with a withering sneer. He was stunned at first, but afterward thought it a mistake. He sought her out again, and implored her to tell him truly. This time her calm contempt was unmistakable; he saw her as she was. Had he possessed my strong nature he would have survived this shock. The woman does not live who could kill me by a disappointment. But my brother was a gentle soul. When his heart broke, he died. And so he yielded to this blow.

All can be told in a few words. My mother, horrified, startled, overwhelmed, by this most unlooked-for calamity, and gentle in nature like my brother, sank like him under the sudden stroke.

"And now," concluded the woman, "they both lie buried beside her husband."

All the time she spoke I did not utter a word.

As she ceased I rose slowly, murmured "Thank you," and staggered away. Instinctively I wandered to the burying-ground. I knew well where they lay. I soon stood before their newly-made grave—two twin mounds containing all that I cared for on earth—the treasured objects of a lifetime's labor—the ones for whose happiness I had been a slave! And they had come to this!

I spent the night there. I brooded over plans of vengeance. If they were crushed by a blow, I rose under mine and heard their cry for vengeance coming even from the tomb. I had that woman's name. She had, under the outward beauty of her fiendish soul, killed my mother and brother. She should suffer! But how? This was the meditation of the night. I took long strides up and down as I paced beside the graves, and before the dawn I had decided.

My scheme was one of grandeur. You seldom hear of such schemes. People generally find it difficult to take revenge because they are too anxious to take care of themselves. Now, I cared nothing for myself. My sole desire was for vengeance. For that desire I was ready to sacrifice every thing.

I started for New York immediately, and arrived there as soon as possible. The head of our house was living at that time up the Hudson. He left every thing to me. My measures were all taken. I wrote to him informing him that I was going to Europe to see about some British funds that were endangered. I drew on England for those funds to the amount of two million dollars, and then left the office. But I did not go to England. I calmly returned to my own lodgings, where I wrote some letters. These were letters of introduction to the chief people in the United States from the leading aristocracy of Great Britain. With these I knew I could have the *entrée* of any society. I started for Philadelphia, and put up at the first hotel in the place. I lavished my money with a liberal hand, ordered the servants peremptorily, and acted like an eccentric nobleman. On the books of the hotel I wrote the name, "Henry Lord Arlington."

On my card there was the same name, and over it a neatly-engraved crest. This nobleman I was personally acquainted with. He had large dealings with our house, and all his circumstances were well known to me. On the following day I saw the following in the principal paper:

> "Distinguished Stranger.—Yesterday a distinguished nobleman arrived at the —— Hotel. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading English nobility. He comes to this country to study our institutions, and see the wonders of nature in which our land is so rich. His father is the Earl of Sunderland, to which he is heir. When we state that his Lordship has an income of about a million dollars a year, and is a gay young bachelor of twenty-five, we think we have said enough to turn the heads of all the young belles in the city."

I was soon waited on by the chief people in the city. I bore letters of introduction to them, and met with an eager welcome. My stately manners, my calmness, and self-reliance won me respect. I was shortly the lion of the city. I soon encountered my victim.

Isabel Nevers, for this was her name, was the daughter of one of the old families. Her father was a man full of self-importance and absurd conceit. He prided himself on being the son of an American officer, and cultivated his lofty feeling of arrogance to a ridiculous extent. His daughter was worthy of him. Hard, cold, and selfish. She was only attractive in outline and feature. The feeling of ambition and self-importance overruled all other sentiments. Love she could not feel. Marriage she looked upon as a speculation. She sought a husband only for the sake of wealth and social influence. Wealth and Position were her gods.

I saw with exultation how readily she fell into the snare I had spread for her. No sooner had she seen me than she exerted all her arts to win me. And I—never did any lover appear half so intoxicated as I. The reader can foresee the end. The newspapers announced it:

> "Marriage in High Life.—It is stated that Lord Arlington is about to lead to the Hymeneal altar the daughter of one of our most distinguished citizens. If this be so, we venture to say that the Court of St. James will have no brighter ornament than Miss Nevers."

All this transpired in about a fortnight. The marriage was settled upon. I showed to old Nevers my banker's authority to draw on England for millions. I made deeds of settlement to my bride of estates and lands. I lavished my wealth with a liberal hand. She held instruments with my signature to the extent of millions.

On the evening before our marriage I wrote off to my old employer, anonymously:

> "Sir,—The young man in whom you place confidence is a scoundrel. He is now not in Europe but Philadelphia, with forged letters bearing the name of Lord Arlington. Do not despise this, but come yourself to Philadelphia. Learn all, and save yourself from Ruin—"

We were married. It was the most magnificent wedding ever known in Philadelphia. All the *élite* of the city were present. Such splendor, such display, had never before been seen.

Three days passed. One morning a loud and peremptory knock was heard at the door. I had been living with my wife at Mr. Nevers's, in seclusion, preparatory to taking her to the aristocratic connections of her noble husband. The crisis approached. Well, I had nerve for any thing. The servant opened the door. Loud voices sounded in the hall. My wife stepped to the door and hurried back. She was white as a sheet.

"Ha, ha!" she exclaimed, nervously; "they want Lord Arlington. They say he's an *impostor*."

"An impostor! Well, that is good!" I cried, gayly.

"I must see him," cried a loud voice.

"Well, it's getting better and better!" I exclaimed; and, springing up, I went to the door.

I saw my late employer. He started back.

"Well, my good man, can I do any thing for you?" My calmness, my hauteur, my impudence, were beyond description.

"Edward," said he, "has it come to this? Confess all, and I'll forgive you."

Had not my heart been beyond the reach of pity his tones would have melted me. But I calmly gazed at him.

"My dear Sir, you are laboring under some strange delusion," I said. "Do I resemble any one whom you know?"

"You will not confess, then?" he exclaimed, sternly confronting me. "Then, officer, I leave him to you."

He turned away. I felt myself seized by officers, with a warrant, and carried away. My employer was no man to be trifled with. He had proofs against me too strong to slight, and he held me to bail to such a vast amount that I could not get bonds. I had to go to prison.

On the following day the papers were full of it. To add to the excitement, I wrote a confession of my misdeeds, which was circulated every where. It was a terrific blow to the Neverses and my wife.

I sent for my employer. I told him all. I handed him back the draft for millions. I had only used it to show. The money I had spent was all my own—the savings of years. None of it had gone to my wife, however. I had made her presents of jewels, but they all turned out to be paste. My employer forgave me. He had not lost a cent through me. He shook hands warmly.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" he cried. "Your desire for revenge has misled you. May you be forgiven as I forgive you!"

He exerted himself for me, but could do nothing. My offense had been too great. I was sentenced to five years' solitary imprisonment.

Here I am now. My wife has never been near me. I hear she and her father went to California. Perhaps she has married again. If so, I wish her joy. But if she has, when I get out of prison I'll track her and make her give her new husband up again.

Courteous reader, through the bars of his cell a felon wishes you adieu.

PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON.

On page 245 we give the portrait of this unfortunate Prince, who was recently killed in a duel with the Duke De Montpensier. This tragic affair has put the finishing touch to the melancholy history of the elaborate scheme of Louis Philippe, generally called the Spanish Marriages. Conceived in selfishness and carried out in cruelty, that iniquitous conspiracy has been the cause of manifold misfortunes during the last twenty years to all persons and countries concerned, and has at last given rise to a fatal encounter between two princes. The unfortunate man who has now fallen may have sinned very freely in his political conduct, but he was, at all events, bitterly sinned against himself. He might have been the husband of Isabella, if the ambition of the Orleans family had not stood in the way and condemned the unhappy Queen to the marriage she was actually forced to contract. Had she been permitted to marry Prince Henri, whom she loved and wished to marry, she might have spent a happy and blameless life, and have transmitted her crown tranquilly to her children. But it was to the interest of the Orleanists that her sister's husband or his children should inherit her sceptre, and measures were taken accordingly to arrange her future in such a way that all chance of a direct succession seemed to be obviated. The Queen was hurried into a deplorable career, and Don Henri subsided into that favorite refuge for disappointed princes, Democracy. In the quarrel which cost him his life he was unquestionably in fault. He wrote the Duke a letter filled with insults, which, to a Spaniard or Frenchman, could only be atoned for by blood; and it must be said of him that he met his fate with as much courage and indifference as he had courted it.

NEW FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

We give on page 245 an engraving of the new fire-alarm boxes, now ready in all that part of New York city lying south of Fourteenth Street. Every officer and member of the Fire Department, every officer and member of the Police Department, and every officer of the Fire Insurance Patrol, is furnished with a key which will open all the boxes. A key is also deposited with the occupant of a building near each alarm-box, the number of which is posted in the box. The door, G, is kept closed. To give an alarm open the outer door, F, draw down the catch, A, which winds up a spring, by means of the lever, B, which sets in motion the wheel, C, and registers the number of the box on the gong, D, and on the instrument at the Fire Department Headquarters. To give a second or third alarm the door, G, is opened, and the Morse key, E, is struck ten times. The Fire Department has issued the following directions to be observed when a fire is discovered:

1. Go to the nearest box and open the door, pull the hook down as far as you can (firmly without jerking), and then let it slide back. Remove the key and close the door.
2. If you do not immediately hear the number of the box struck upon the small bell within, or upon the tower bells, go to the next nearest box to the fire and repeat the operation.
3. If upon going to a box to give an alarm you hear the small bell inside ringing (which is an indication that an alarm is being sent over the lines from the Central Office), do not open the box until it has done ringing. In all such cases count the signal being sounded, and be certain that it is not for the same fire.

Key-holders are also cautioned not to open the box except in case of fire; not to give alarm until certain of a fire; not to give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance; not to pull down the hook more than once in giving an alarm; to be sure, after giving an alarm, that the door is securely closed before leaving the box; and not to let the key go out of their possession, except when demanded by proper authority. The proper observance of these directions will give increased efficiency to the Fire Department, and add greatly to the security of property against destruction by fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a trial in an Alabama town, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house and silenced the counsel.

The Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveler asked, "Madam, how far is it to B——?" "Shoost a leetle ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asks the traveler. "Shoost a *leetle* ways"—more emphatically. "Madam, is it *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, or *five* miles?" The good woman ingenuously replied, "*I dinks it is!*"

"What do people mean," said a French lady, "by saying that Rome is not a free city? Why, you may hang your clothes out to dry at your drawing-room window and nobody will prevent you."

The Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of the parish of Govan, had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow; forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it, the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been awfu' ill bound."

THE MITTEN.

The bull-dog barks on the top of the hill,
  And the lambs are skipping in glee;
But I'm sad as the dickens—I am—
  My gal gave the mitten to me.

Ah, where will I go, and what will I do?
  I feel like a crazy bum-bee;
By thunder, I'll fight! I'll lick any boy
  That says the word *mitten* to me!

I'm really mad—be dogged if I ain't!
  I swear I will kill any she;
I'll slather and slash—I'll murder that gal—
  By thunder! she sha'n't mitten me!

No, I won't do that—I'll spite her—I will!
  I'll hang myself on a big tree;
And then she will cry—she'll die in remorse
  For giving the mitten to me.

Best Climate for a Toper—The temperate zone.

Why do young ladies whiten their faces?—Because they think the powder will make them go off.

A young lady from the rural districts went to Des Moines to see the elephant. In the street-car the conductor said to her, "Miss, your fare." "Well, if I am," replied she, "I don't want any of your imperance."

Academy of Design—A young ladies' boarding-school.

"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Shure, then," said the boy, "I'm just walking to rest my legs."

Which is the largest jewel in the world?—The Emerald Isle.

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday-school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

"Can you return my love, my dearest Julia?" "Certainly, Sir; I do not want it, I am sure."

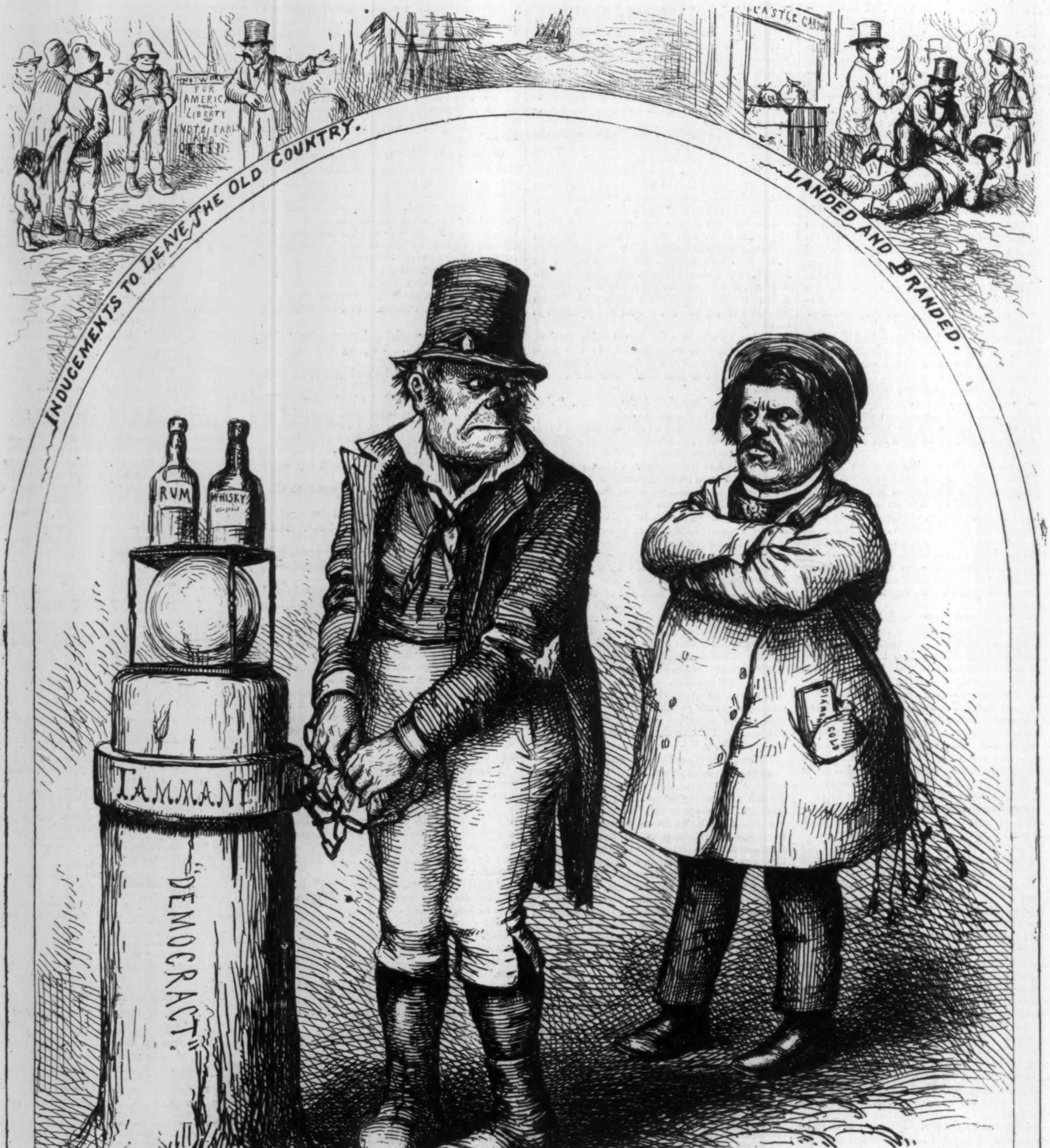
A fashionable clergyman in Chicago warns the sinners of his congregation that if they don't repent they will go to the "place of eternal uneasiness." Certainly a mild way of putting it.

Light Timber—Sunbeams.

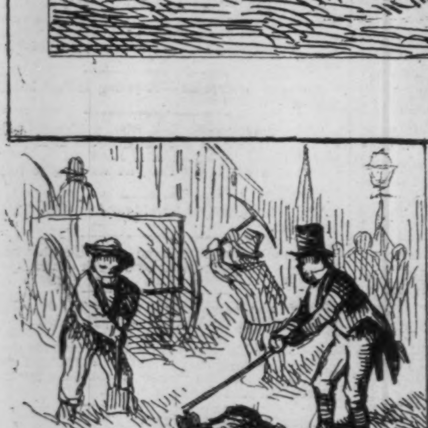
A poor man being ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of physic."

The petroleum men are great bores, but they mean well.

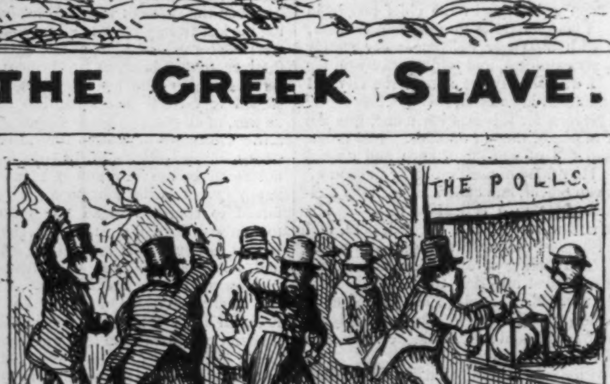
After the principal thing is the interest.


INDUCEMENTS TO LEAVE THE OLD COUNTRY.
NO WORK
FOR AMERICA
LIBERTY
CASTLE GARDEN
LANDED AND BRANDED.
DEMOCRAT
RUM
WHISKY
TAMMANY
"DEMOCRACY"
DIAMONDS
GOLD
Th. Nast

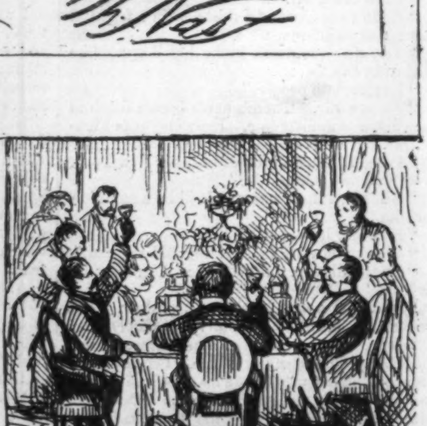
THE GREEK SLAVE.



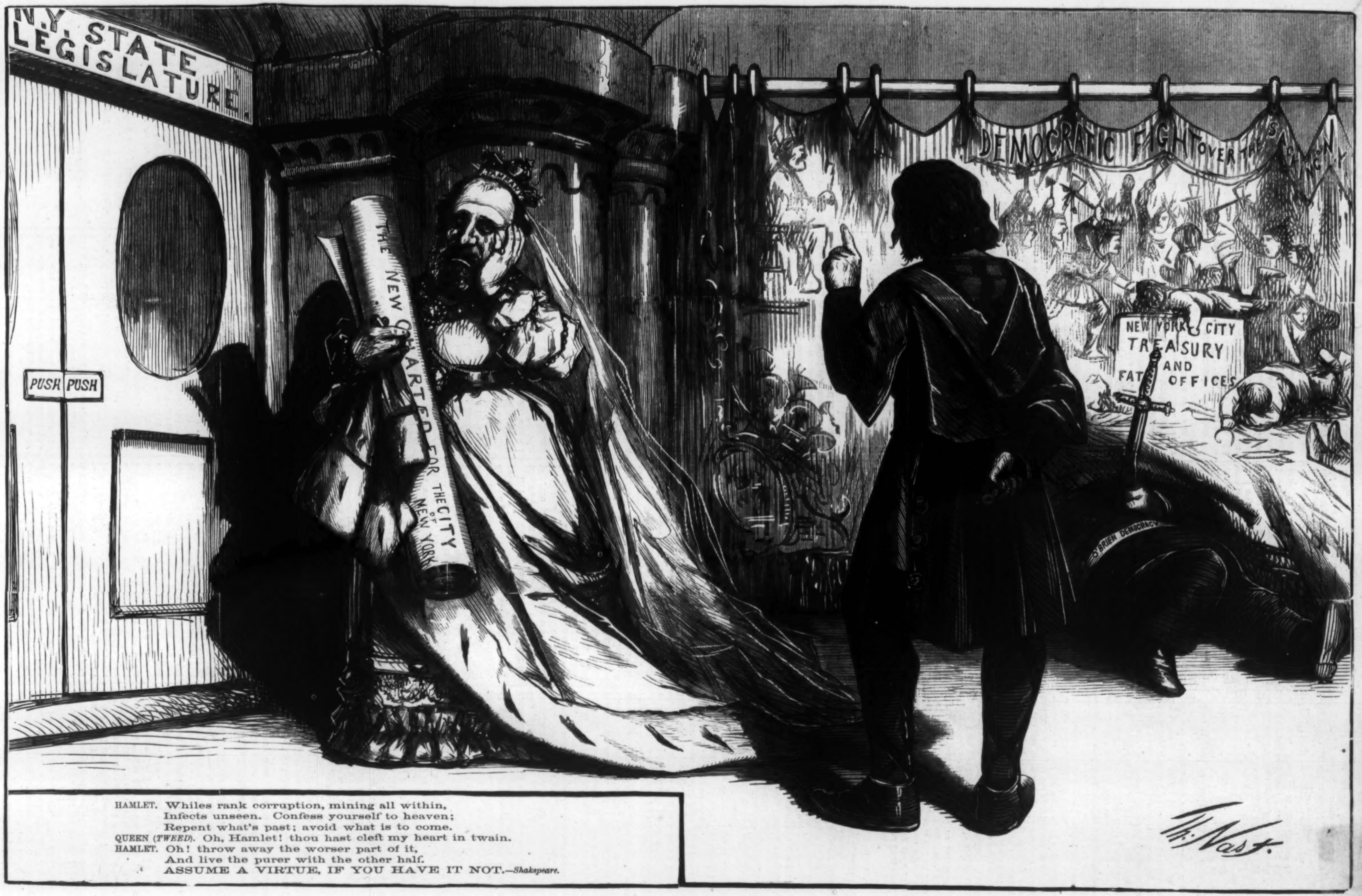
SLAVES.



THE SLAVE DRIVERS.



MASTERS.


N.Y. STATE LEGISLATURE.
PUSH PUSH
THE NEW CHARTER FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEMOCRATIC FIGHT OVER THE
NEW YORK CITY TREASURY AND FAT OFFICES
O'BRIEN DEMOCRACY
Th. Nast.

HAMLET. Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
QUEEN (*TWEED*). Oh, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
HAMLET. Oh! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
ASSUME A VIRTUE, IF YOU HAVE IT NOT.—*Shakspeare.*

SENATOR TWEED IN A NEW RÔLE.

THE SILENT BATTLE.

THE war that Spring and Winter wage
Goes on in silence, day by day;
Strong youth against decrepid age,
New growth opposed to dark decay;

The strife of hope against despair,
Life against death; and, morn by morn,
A tenderer warmth is in the air,
And richer hues and hopes are born.

And lo, on every side appears
The hurrying host of Spring's advance—
The crowding grass, with bristling spears,
The brook-side rushes' ready lance,

The javelins of daring reeds,
The iris-sprout's keen bayonet-thrust,
With rank and file of sturdy weeds
Rising exultant from the dust.

Each day a fresher guidon flaunts,
Marking the vantage-ground by turns;
The arrow-heads of water-plants,
The hard-clenched fists of valiant ferns,

The willow's pennons, brave and fair,
The wild-flag's sharp and slender blade,
With every force of earth and air,
Join boldly in the glad crusade,

Till Winter's sullen struggles cease,
And cold and darkness fail and flee,
And all the hills are fair with peace,
And green with palms of victory.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. PLEW SPEAKS HER MIND.

MAUD'S visit to Lowater took place as arranged. Only instead of remaining merely a day with the Sheardowns she staid in their house a week. Mrs. Sheardown had strongly urged, almost insisted on, this.

"You have not now the plea that you can not leave the vicar to be lonely," she said. "The vicar has no lack of society and excitement at present. As for you, I don't think you desire to share in either the society or the excitement. Do you think Hugh would like that you should? Stay with us. I shall tell Hugh that I have taken good care of his treasure, and he will be grateful to me."

As to Veronica's presence in Shipley Magna, Mrs. Sheardown did not trust herself to say very much on that score to Maud. She did say a few words quietly, but sternly, disapproving the proceeding. And Maud was unable to gainsay her. But in speaking to her husband, Nelly Sheardown gave utterance to her disgust and indignation quite vehemently.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing, Tom? Did any one ever hear of such a thing? The woman must have lost all sense of decency!"

"Why, Nelly," returned the captain, "have I not heard you say more than once that if that misguided girl were to return you would not turn your back on her, but would hold out a helping hand to her in any way that you could? Have I heard you say that, or did I dream it?"

"You know that you have heard me say it. And I do not repent of having said it. But you are not speaking fairly. You know very well, Tom, that my 'helping hand' was to be contingent on a very different state of things from that which actually exists. If she had shown any penitence, any remorse for the misery she caused, any consideration for others, I would have done what I could for her; more, I confess, for Maud's sake and the vicar's than her own. But to come back here under the present circumstances; not letting even a sufficient time elapse to soften the memory of her disgrace; flaunting her ill-gotten riches and her contemptible husband in the face of every body who has known her from childhood—"

"Contemptible husband! Why, my dear little wife, you know nothing about *him* at all events!"

"Do I not know the circumstances under which his marriage was made?"

"Certainly not."

"I know, at least, so much of them as suffices to prove that he must be a man without any sense of honor, or dignity, or even decency! That he is, in short, as I said—contemptible!"

The captain had thought it necessary to endeavor to stem his warm-hearted wife's vehemence with a little show of that judicial impartiality which so becomes a man, and which he is usually so ready to display for the edification of the weaker sex in cases that do not touch his own passions or prejudices. But in his heart Captain Sheardown was little less shocked and disgusted at Veronica's conduct than his wife was, and he warmly concurred with her in desiring to keep Maud as far as possible apart from the vicar's daughter. There were other reasons, also, why the Sheardowns considered the vicarage to be no longer a pleasant or desirable home for Maud Desmond. But of these they did not speak to her fully.

"Perhaps it may be all idle gossip and rumor," said Captain Sheardown, half interrogatively, to his wife.

"*Perhaps* it may," she returned, with an expressive shake of the head.

"At all events, there is no need to vex Maud with what may turn out to be all false, vulgar scandal."

"No need at all, dear. But it is not very easy to me to dissemble. Once or twice lately Maud has spoken with some anxiety of the vicar, and I assure you it has been on the tip of my tongue to tell her the report we had heard."

"Gulp it down again, like a brave little woman."

Meanwhile the reappearance of Veronica in her new character of Princess de' Barletti was the theme of discussion and animadversion in half the houses in the county. Mrs. Begbie had nearly fainted when she heard it. She had said to her maid, who had first conveyed the information to her, "No, Tomlins. I can not believe you. I will not, I must not, think so evil of my own sex." When subsequently the atrocious fact had been confirmed, Mrs. Begbie had been thrown into quite a low, nervous state by it. The sight of her innocent Emmie, and the recollection that that pure scion of the united houses of Gaffer and De Wynkyn had been in the same room, had actually breathed the same air with the *creature*, was too much for her. But finally Mrs. Begbie had found strength to rouse herself, and to take a stand against the barefaced audacity of continental corruption, as she characterized the visit of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti to the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna. Such, at least, was Mrs. Begbie's own account of the various phases of feeling she had gone through. Lady Alicia Renwick was very grim and sarcastic on the occasion. Disapproving Veronica's proceeding quite as strongly as Mrs. Begbie disapproved it, her ladyship could not resist the pleasure of metaphorically digging her sharp beak into the pulpy self-complacency of Miss Emma.

"Ay," she said, dryly. "It's a curious social fact that yon brazen flirt, without a penny to her tocher, as we say in the north, should have got two husbands (for, ye know, that wretch Gale married her), one a baronet and the other a prince, no less—and the young fellow really and truly well born: the Barlettis come of an illustrious line—that that good-for-nothing hussy, I say, should get two such husbands by nothing in the world but her handsome face, while so many of our virtuous young virgins can't manage to get married for the life of them. And dear knows it isn't for want of energy in trying, as far as my observation goes."

"Lady Alicia," said Mrs. Begbie, with dignity, "no well brought-up girl would put forth the—the lures, for so I must call them, which I have seen exercised by that—*creature!* Men are unfortunately weak enough to be attracted by that sort of thing."

"Oh, men are fools enough for any thing, I grant you," replied Lady Alicia, giving up the male sex en masse with the greatest liberality.

"They tell me," pursued Mrs. Begbie, who, despite her virtuous indignation, seemed unable to quit the discussion of Veronica's altered fortunes, "that this—*person* has brought down a carriage and horses—splendid horses!—and a suit of servants with her to the Crown Inn. And her dress is something incredible in its extravagance. She makes three toilets a day—"

"Four, mamma," put in Miss Begbie.

"Emmie! I beseech you not to enter into this topic. Indeed, I regret that it has ever been mentioned before you at all."

"Oh, I don't think it will do Miss Emmie any harm," said Lady Alicia, with an inscrutable face.

"No, Lady Alicia. You are right. I feel obliged to you for judging my child so correctly. But still it is a pity that the bloom of youthful freshness should be injured by a too early acquaintance with the wickedness of the world!"

"And they say she *paints* awfully!" observed Miss Begbie, in whose mind the word "bloom" had conjured up by association this crowning iniquity of Veronica.

Mrs. Begbie executed a quite gymnastic shudder.

"It positively makes me ill to think of her!" said she.

"H'm. I don't remember that ye were so overcome when the girl first ran off, were you? Ay? Well, my memory may be at fault. But I understand very well it *is* aggravating to people—especially to people with daughters—to see that sort of thing flourishing and prospering."

"Vice, Lady Alicia, *never* prospers in the long run!"

"Oh, of course not. To be sure not. We have high authority for that, Mrs. Begbie. But then ye see it's often such a very long run."

The above conversation is a pretty fair specimen of the light in which the Princess de' Barletti's appearance at Shipley was looked on by the Daneshire society.

Could Veronica have overheard one morning's chat in any dressing-room or boudoir whose inmates' favor or countenance she desired, she would have at once despaired of making good her footing as a member of the "county" circles. It may seem strange that she had ever for a moment conceived the hope that the gentry of the neighborhood would receive her. But she had an exaggerated idea of the power of money. And she thought that the bright refulgence of her new rank would dazzle the world from a too close inspection of old blots and spots on her fair fame. And then it had all been vague in her mind. There had perhaps been hardly any definite expectation of what would occur when she should be at Shipley. But she had had a general idea of awaking envy and admiration and astonishment; of dashing past old acquaintances in a brilliant equipage; of being addressed as "your highness" within hearing of unpolished Daneshire persons devoid of a proper sense of the distinction of classes, and who had habitually spoken of her in her childish days as "the vicar's little lass!" And these things in prospect had appeared to her to suffice. But after a day or two she became aware how strongly she desired to be visited and received by persons whose approval or non-approval made Fate in Daneshire society. She was entirely unnoticed except by one person.

This solitary exception served but to emphasize more strongly the marked neglect of the rest. Lord George Seagrave called on her. Lord George had taken Hammick Lodge for a term of years. He had never been down there at that time of year before. But his health wouldn't stand a London season; getting old, you know, and that sort of thing. So, as he had to pay for the place, he had come down to the Lodge to pass a month or so until it should be time to go to Schwalbach. And he had heard that Prince Cesare and the princess—whom he had the honor of perfectly remembering as Miss Levincourt—were at the Crown. So he had called, and that sort of thing. And he should be uncommonly charmed if the prince would come and dine with him and one or two friends, any day that might suit him. And Cesare accepted the invitation with something like eagerness, and announced that he should drive himself over to Hammick Lodge very soon. This promise he kept, having his horses harnessed to a nondescript vehicle, which the landlord of the Crown called a dog-cart; and sending the London coachman, who sat beside him, to the verge of apoplexy by his unprofessional and incompetent handling of the ribbons. The vicar had pleaded his parish duties as a reason why he could not go very frequently to Shipley Magna. Maud was with the Sheardowns. And besides, Hugh Lockwood, in his interview with Veronica, had so plainly conveyed his determination to keep his future wife apart from her, that Veronica had chosen not to risk a refusal by asking Maud to come to her. They had met but for a few minutes on the evening when Veronica had driven her father back to the vicarage. Veronica had not alighted. She had looked at her old home across the drear little grave-yard, and had turned and gone back in her grand carriage. But on that same occasion she had seen Mr. Plew. There needed but a small share of feminine acuteness to read in the surgeon's face the intense and painful emotions which the sight of her awakened within him. She was still paramount over him. She could still play with idle, careless, capricious fingers on his heart-strings. It was a pastime that she did not intend to deny herself.

But what she could not see, and had not nobleness enough even to guess at, was the intense pity, the passion of sorrow over the tarnished brightness of her purity, that swelled her old lover's heart almost to breaking. She had never possessed the qualities needful to inspire the best reverence that a man can give to a woman. And it may be that in the little surgeon's inmost conscience there had ever been some unacknowledged sense of this. But he had looked upon her with such idolatrous admiration; he had been so unselfishly content to worship from a humble distance; he had so associated her beauty and brightness with every thing that was bright and beautiful in his life, that her degradation had wounded him to the quick. She had never been to him as other mortals, who must strive and struggle with evil and weakness. He had not even thought of her as of a woman fast clinging to some rock of truth in the great ocean of existence, and supplying her own feebleness by its steady strength. She had been to his fancy a creature to whom it was simply natural and inevitable to be brilliant and stainless as the petal of a lily. And now she was smirched and fallen. After the first paroxysms of impotent rage against the man who had taken her away, almost the bitterest reflection of all was the reflection how base a bait had tempted her.

When her carriage stopped at the gate of St. Gildas's church-yard, and he advanced, hat in hand, and touched—very slightly touched—her proffered hand, and stammered a few incoherent words of greeting, in his shy, awkward, unpolished manner, Veronica thought, "He is overcome at seeing me again, and seeing me in this pomp! Poor little Plew! He really is not a bad fellow; and I sha'n't forget the good turn he did me about forwarding my letter." Her gratitude did not by any means go to the extent of relinquishing her power to torture his feelings. But the truth, could she have read it in his heart, was, that he was crushed by the humiliation of being ashamed for her. And yet he loved her still. A more perfect being would doubtless have ceased to love that which his moral sense told him ought to be utterly unlovable. But Mr. Plew was a very far from perfect being; and from the nature of the case, and the nature of the man, there was mingled with his love an almost feminine passion of pity which rendered it indestructible.

"You used to have patients in Shipley Magna, Mr. Plew," the "princess" had said, graciously. "Whenever your professional duties bring you there, mind you come and see us!"

But two days, three days, passed, and Mr. Plew did not appear at the Crown Inn. Veronica had, in her security that he would come, given orders that he should be admitted at any time. Still, he did not appear. Then came Lord George Seagrave's invitation to Cesare. Veronica told him by all means to go, and told herself that it was a relief to get rid of him for a day. Poor Cesare was very fond of her; almost too fond of her. It became a bore to have his constant presence. But when he was gone, and she was left alone with no companion but her maid, and no resource but the inspection of her jewel-box, she began to feel depressed.

"I'm getting into a horrible habit of being low-spirited," she thought. "It *is* habit, I suppose. I want keeping up. This leaden weight is intolerable. Bah! I won't stay in this odious hole! I always hated it. I don't know whether one always comes back to one's old loves, but I do believe one returns unfailingly to one's old hates. I will go away. But where? Dio mio! Any where! Back to town. But meanwhile I positively am not well. I ought to see some one. I'll send for little Plew!"

Miss Turtle happened to be spending the afternoon with old Mrs. Plew, when the Princess de' Barletti's pink, perfumed note was brought into the cottage by a servant from the Crown Inn. Mr. Plew was not at home. He was expected back in the course of an hour or so. Very good, the man said. He would put up his horse and gig in the village, and return in the course of an hour to see if the doctor (so Mr. Plew was always styled in Shipley parlance) had come in. He had orders to wait and drive him back to Shipley Magna. Was any thing the matter? Any one ill? Not that he knew, special. The lady as they called Barley-etty seemed a bit out o' sorts. But *he* couldn't say much about it. The moment the groom's back was turned, the two women pounced upon the note. They felt it, they smelt it, they turned it this way and that.

"V. B.," said Miss Turtle, deciphering the monogram. "And a crown above. The paper's for all the world like satin. And *how* it is perfumed!"

"Ah! It smells to *me* like them yellow lozengers in the surgery," said Mrs. Plew, pushing the note away from her with a little dissatisfied gesture.

"What a bold handwriting!" exclaimed Miss Turtle. "Quite the aristocrat. Oh, dear me! I suppose Mr. Benjamin will be taken up with high society now."

The tip of the poor governess's little nose became red, and her eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Plew grasped her wooden knitting-needles more tightly than was her wont, and shook her head with the tremulous movement of age.

"If you could but have seen the carriage she was in," whispered Miss Turtle, plaintively. She was by nature and habit so humble-minded that her jealous comparison of herself with Veronica had only resulted in her crushing sense of the latter's overwhelming superiority in all points.

"But I did describe it to you, didn't I? And the silver on the horses' harness? Mrs. Meggitt thinks a deal of her spoons, but la! Mrs. Plew, I tell you Mrs. Meggitt's spoons would be but a drop in the ocean if you were to melt them down to ornament that harness. And then the bonnet she had on. And leaning back with such an elegant kind of a loll against the cushions. She was painted," said poor Miss Turtle, making a faint little protest on behalf of her own self-respect. *She* at least was never painted. But she added almost immediately, with a profound sigh, "But I have been told they all do it in high life."

Still old Mrs. Plew kept her lips closed, and her head shook tremulously. In a few minutes the surgeon came in. Miss Turtle looked at his mother as though expecting her to speak of the note from Shipley Magna. But the old woman said not a word.

"There's a—a—note for you, Mr. Benjamin," said Miss Turtle, timidly; and at the same instant his eye lighted on it as it lay on the table. He took it up quickly, and walked to the window as though to get a better light as he read it, turning his back on the two women.

"Where is the messenger?" he asked, looking round. "There is mention here of a man and gig waiting to take me back."

"The man said he'd be here again in an hour, Mr. Benjamin. We thought—that is, your mother expected you back by then."

"I must wait for him then, I suppose," said Mr. Plew, pulling out his watch, and beginning to walk softly up and down the room. "It's a—a—patient. The Princess Barletti, in fact. She is not very well, and wishes to see me. It really is very good of you to give my mother so much of your company, Miss Turtle."

Then Mrs. Plew unclosed her lips and spake.

"Benjy, love, don't you go."

"Mother!"

"Benjy, darling, don't you go."

"Not go to see a patient when I am sent for!"

"Benjy, love, I don't believe she's ill a bit more than you are. Nor so bad either, if feelings could count. And if she *is* bad let her send for Doctor Gunnery from Danecester, and not for them that she's treated so heartless, and cruel, and shameful."

Mr. Plew had turned ashy pale, and was standing quite still, staring at his mother. The little governess sat with clasped hands and parted lips, glancing nervously from one to the other. She was dumfoundered at Mrs. Plew's unexampled boldness and eloquence. The wooden needles clicked and rattled in the old woman's trembling hands. A bright red spot burned on each withered cheek; and she went on in a strained voice unlike her natural soft tones.

"Shameful, and cruel, and heartless—she's treated one that she's not worthy to tie his shoe-strings! A painted, wanton thing, playing her airs to break an honest man's heart! A man that might have had a good loving wife, and good loving children at his knee but for her. Beauty! Why there's women in the world, common, plain-looking women, with common coarse clothes on their backs, that to my eyes seem as beautiful as the saints and angels beside her! She's bad; bad, and wicked, and wanton! And a painted—"

She stopped suddenly with the opprobrious word on her lips. Her son, without uttering a syllable, had dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. The governess cowered, awe-stricken, and trembling like a frightened bird. The knitting fell from the old woman's hands. She sat as still as though she had been turned to stone for a minute or so, looking at her son. Then all at once she got up, went to him, and put her hand on his bowed head.

"Benjy," she said, "my own dear boy, forgive your poor old mother! And may God forgive her for saying a word to hurt the best [illegible] that ever mortal woman bore into this world!

I don't know what came over me, Benjy. I couldn't help it. 'Twas as if I fain must speak. I'll not say another word, love; not another word. Oh, my boy, don't be angry with your poor mother. I sha'n't be here to trouble you long! And—Benjy—'twas only because I love you so, my own dear darling." Mr. Plew removed one hand from his face, and put it out to take his mother's. She raised it to her lips and kissed it. "Thank you, my boy," she said, with pathetic humility. And then—with all the angry flush gone from her face, and the tears streaming down it—she feebly tottered out of the room. Miss Turtle rose and followed her to the door. There she turned, and said, in a quite placid, almost cheerful, tone. "You needn't be anxious about your mother, Mr. Benjamin. I'll stay with her, and look after her whilst you're gone. Your mother's used to me. And for me it's a real pleasure to do any thing for her; it is indeed!"

"God bless you for your kindness. I shall always be grateful to you, and be your friend with all my heart—if you will let me be so," answered the surgeon.

Within a quarter of an hour he was on his road to Shipley Magna.

GREAT EATERS.

Badham, in his "Prose Halieutics," tells us that, "among immortal gluttons, Hercules the beef-eater was the chief; he would eat up the grilled carcass of a cow at a meal, with all the live coals attached to it. The edacity of Ulysses is competently attested in the Odyssey. Milo carried an ox round the stadium in his arms, and then with as little difficulty in his inside."

If it be alleged that these three ancient worthies never lived except in the pages of mythology, there is no difficulty in finding real mortals that will serve the purpose. Lucullus had a room in his house for every kind of supper, each at a particular cost; and even his cheapest supper was worth a moderate fortune. Apicius killed himself when he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left, fearing that he would die of starvation. One epicure had sauce for a pair of partridges prepared from two dozen; and twenty-five legs of mutton cut up to supply one choice plateful of special delicacy; and a dish prepared at endless cost from peacocks' brains.

Boehmer, a German writer, described somewhat fully the case of a man at Wittenberg who, for a wager, would eat a whole sheep, or a whole pig, or a bushel of cherries, including the stones. His strength of teeth and power of swallowing enabled him to masticate, or at least to munch into small fragments, glass, earthen-ware, and flints. He preferred birds, mice, and caterpillars; but when he could not get these delicacies he put up with mineral substances. Once he devoured pen, ink, and sand-pounce, and seemed half inclined to deal in the same way with the inkstand itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers in this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived nearly a score more years in a more rational way. Although a Latin treatise was published in elucidation of his marvelous powers, it may not be uncharitable to suppose that there was a little chicanery in the matter, as in the case of the fire-eaters with whom we are familiar at the fairs and in the streets, and who doubtless live upon more reasonable diet when not engaged in money-making exhibitions. A story is told of General Kœnigsmark, an officer engaged in one of the many wars waged in by-gone times by Sweden against Poland and Bohemia, which illustrates both the pig-eating attribute and the fear which such an achievement may possibly produce in the minds of others. A peasant came to the King of Sweden's tent during the siege of Prague, and offered to devour a large hog for the amusement of his Majesty. The general, standing by, said that the fellow ought to be burned as a sorcerer. Nettled and irritated at this, the peasant exclaimed, "If your Majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig," accompanying this offer with a vast expansion of mouth and jaws. Brave as he was in battle, Kœnigsmark could not stand this; he beat a hasty retreat from the tent, and hurried to his own quarters.

In the time of Charles the First, Taylor, the water poet, gave an account of one Nicholas Wood, a Kentish man, who had a power of stowing away a marvelous quantity of food at a meal. He was credited with having on one occasion devoured a whole raw sheep; on another, three dozen pigeons; on a third, several rabbits; on a fourth, eighteen yards of black pudding; while on two other occasions the quantities set down were sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. But it will be better to disbelieve these statements, and attend to the more moderate though still startling account given by Taylor, that "Two loynes of mutton and one loyne of veal were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach that he ate as much as would have served thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter to make it stretch and hold; and afterward, being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while, which when the knight understood he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had lain bedrid with eating." In the time of George the First there was a man who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, tried to maintain a Lenten fast of forty days and forty nights. Breaking down in this resolution after a few days, he took revenge on himself by becoming an enormous eater, devouring large quantities of raw flesh with much avidity. Somewhat over a century ago, a Polish soldier, presented to the court of Saxony as a marvel of voracity, one day ate twenty pounds of beef and half of a roasted calf. About the same time a youth of seventeen, apprentice to a Thames waterman, ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green pease in fifty minutes. An achievement of about equal gluttony was that of a brewer's man, who, at an inn in Aldersgate Street, demolished a roast goose of six pounds' weight, a quartern loaf, and three quarts of porter in an hour and eighteen minutes. Early in the reign of George the Third a watch-maker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, in three-quarters of an hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds, and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing down these comestibles with a pint of brandy taken off in two draughts. A few years afterward there was a beggar at Göttingen who on more than one occasion ate twelve pounds of meat at a meal. After his death, his stomach, which was very large, was found to contain numerous bits of flint and other odds and ends, which Nature very properly refused to recognize as food. In fact, setting aside altogether the real or alleged eating up of a whole sheep or hog, the instances are very numerous in which a joint sufficient for a large family has disappeared at a meal within the unworthy corpus of one man.

It is clearly evident that many of the records of voracious eating point to a morbid craving which the person suffers, and which is as much a disease as the opposite extreme—loss of appetite—while being still more difficult of cure. Medical men have at hand a stock of learned Greek names to apply to various manifestations of the disease. Dr. Copland describes a case which came under his professional notice. There were two children possessing insatiable appetites, of which the youngest, seven years old, was the worst. "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Every thing that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Besides other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles, and some butter were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six besides herself." Such extreme manifestations of the disease are of course very rare.

As to fire-eaters, they have always been exhibitors rather than persons possessing a real liking for this peculiarly hot kind of food. There was one Powell, very eminent in this line of business toward the close of the reign of George II. It used to be jocularly said of him, that "his common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef." Some of the former paragraphs in this article contain incidental notices of persons swallowing mineral substances of various kinds; and it appears that medical men recognize a disease called lithophagy, or stone-eating. Persons have been known to devour, not merely spiders and flies, toads and serpents, and other living creatures—not merely cotton, hair, paper, and wood, but cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, glass, stone, musket-bullets, and earthen-ware. One man could swallow billiard-balls and gold and silver watches. There is an accredited case in the medical journals of New York for 1822, of a man who could swallow clasp-knives with impunity; but on one day he overshot the mark by swallowing fourteen: it killed him. If we would go into the particulars of all these kinds of voracity, we should have to establish three grades—digesting without mastication; swallowing without digesting; and simply swallowing without either mastication or digestion. But every one can trace this matter for himself. As to earth-eating, the young women of certain lands are said to eat chalk and clay, to improve their complexions.

Cases have been known in which the limitation to the quantity of food taken at once is brought about rather by the effects of fumes and vapors upon the brain than by an exhaustion of the deglutitory powers of the eater. One of those persons to whom a whole joint is a mere trifle was tempted to accept a wager to the effect that he could not take three shillings' worth of bread and ale at a meal. The man who laid the wager provided twelve new hot penny loaves, and steeped them in several quarts of ale. The effect of the ale upon the hot crumb of the bread was such as to send off the glutton into a drowsy helplessness long before he had come to the end of his allotted task, and he was greatly mortified afterward at having lost the wager.

If the propensity be really due to an abnormal condition of the system, a morbid craving which physiologists and physicians can trace to an organic source, the person is no more to blame than other patients suffering under maladies. But if he boasts of his achievements, and makes them the subject of bets, we can have no difficulty in settling the degree of reprobation due to him. About forty years ago there was an inscription on the window of a small road-side inn, between Peckham and Sydenham, recording such a boast; whether railways and other novelties have swept it away, we can not tell, but Hone described it thus:

March 16, 1810,
Thomas Mount Jones dined here,
Eat six pounds of bacon, drank nineteen pots of beer.

It is nonsense, and a libel upon the four-footed races, to call such exhibitions of gluttony brutal or beastly; seeing that real brutes and beasts eat only when they are hungry, and leave off when they have had enough.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Life in the temperate zone is not without its trials—so think the English, in view of the unusual severity of the past winter with them. For eight or ten days all traffic on the Thames was suspended, and when the ice broke up, one might have imagined himself on the banks of some river of the frigid zone; for the floating ice soon became frozen together into huge, irregular masses. In Paris, the weather seems to have been equally severe; the Seine has been full of masses of floating ice. Rome and Florence have been, according to one account, "almost buried in snow-storms," though this statement is doubtless rather exaggerated. In Danzig the cold has been so excessive that theatres were closed. At Swinemunds, the Baltic was covered with ice, and some adventurous skaters crossed to Hereingdorf, a distance of several miles.

On the 17th of March the case of the ill-fated *City of Boston* was brought up in the House of Commons. Among other facts respecting the dangers of the sea, it was stated that up to that time, since the first of January, nine steamships had been lost, seven of which foundered at sea with great loss of life; and that most of these casualties were due to the want of proper bulk-heads, and a proper check upon over-loading.

The "Old Fashioned Girl," Miss L. M. Alcott's last work, was published with an edition of 12,000 copies. The authoress is now on her way to Italy, with Miss May Alcott, the artist by whom "Little Women" was illustrated.

A magnificent ball has been given at Paris by Saida-ha, a Persian, which cost more than $20,000. His lounges were covered with cashmeres embroidered with gold, which he gave away to the departing guests. One "lady," not caring for cashmere, took away a Persian carpet. Supper was served under a gilded trellis, bearing ripe grapes, peaches, and cherries.

For fifteen years Mr. Charles Dickens has been a public reader to delighted audiences. Last month he gave a farewell reading at St. James's Hall, London. He remarked in a closing address: "I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full flood-tide of your favor, to retire upon those older associations between us which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art which first brought us together."

Dr. Osgood, in a recently published letter concerning "Americans in Europe," remarks that titled people speak to each other in the simplest way, and only when presenting distinguished persons to others is the full title given. "I think," he says, "that it is good-breeding in England to address a distinguished person once by his title, and afterward to say 'you' or 'Sir.' I heard Tyndall, the philosopher, address the Prince of Wales at a public meeting, and after calling him 'Your Royal Highness' once or twice, he spoke to him simply as 'Sir,' which I thought was a slip of the tongue, until I learned otherwise, and was assured that it was proper even to speak to the Queen as 'Madame,' after addressing her as 'Your Majesty.' These are little matters; but they are becoming more important as the best-bred people in Europe and America are coming together, and we wish to be mutually agreeable."

Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, whose death has recently taken place, suffered, from the age of eighteen, with an affection of the spine, which caused severe torture and partial paralysis, and finally culminated in loss of sight. Notwithstanding all this, he maintained a wonderful cheerfulness, and continued to retain an undiminished interest in all his affairs. All the journals of the day were read to him; his memory was singularly retentive, and his judgment acute. His opinion in matters of politics and finance was highly valued; and his magnificent house in Paris was the constant resort of the political and literary celebrities of France and Germany.

Bleeding from the nose is always regarded as an unwelcome event, yet, in the opinion of Dr. Hall, it always is beneficial, preventing headache or more serious illness, and sometimes arresting apoplexy and sudden death. Therefore it should not be immediately arrested. When the nose threatens to bleed excessively, it can sometimes be arrested by putting the feet in hot water, or by applying a mustard plaster between the shoulders.

The eagerness of the freedmen for learning is equaled only by their eagerness for land; and they are gaining a foothold on Southern ground. On the islands near Charleston 2000 families have paid for their little farms. During the last year 200 have bought places near Augusta, and a greater number have put up houses near Atlanta. Of the $12,000,000 which the freedmen's banks have taken at least one-half has been saved for actual investment. It is drawn out mainly to buy homes.

Report tells of some barbarians in a west-of-England town, who deserve expulsion from civilized society. During some recent skating a lady broke through the ice, and a skatesman in attendance pulled her half out; but, finding that she would not or could not give him any thing if he rescued her, pushed her in again! When, finally, she was rescued by others, a cabman charged her double fare for carrying her home!

At a criminal trial in France not long ago a witness refused to take the oath, from religious scruples, declaring that she was a Quaker. As that sect is quite unknown in France, no provision appears to have been made for such an eventuality. The court, in consequence, had to deliberate on the point, and at length decided—with the consent of the public prosecutor, the jury, and the advocates of the prisoners—to receive the testimony of the witness as simple information, but not as legal evidence.

The genuine asphalt roads of Paris are admirable, and the material of which they are made possesses points of great interest. The French asphalt is a carbonate of lime or chalk, naturally impregnated with bituminous matter. Extensive beds of this deposit are found at Seyssel and Pyrimont, on the right bank of the Rhone, between the French fortress Bellegrade and the town of Culloz. Large amounts of this rock are quarried and sent to the French capital, where it is used in making the beautiful pavements which now adorn some of the streets of that city. In heating asphalt rock to about 212° it disintegrates, and by the softening of the bitumen it turns into a sort of a brown dust. If in that state, while the dust is yet hot, it is compressed in a mould, the particles will stick together, and the matter will resume again, in cooling, its general appearance, hardness, and all the properties of primitive rock, while it retains the shape of the mould. At the present time the whole surface of Paris asphalt streets comprises about 133,333 square yards.

The day of women's rights and minors' privileges is dawning in Connecticut. At a recent meeting of the members of a Congregational church in Greenwich, for the purpose of electing deacons, it was contended by some that women and minors, when members of the church, were entitled to vote for officers. After quite a stormy debate it became evident that a majority were disposed to grant the privilege of ecclesiastic suffrage to the new claimants, and a resolution to that effect was passed.

An English earl's daughter has raised a new scandal by eloping with the organist of a Catholic chapel. The organist is of "the plainest possible pattern," is twenty-three, and an Irishman. The Lady Blanche is twenty-six, and the marriage has now been celebrated in legal form, causing strange stories to be circulated in the upper circles.

The new fire-alarm boxes have confused the ideas of some unsophisticated country people. The other day a verdant-looking individual was seen attempting to insert a letter in one of the Broadway boxes. A policeman, thinking he was on evil bent, valiantly collared him, but was forced to let him depart uninjured when explanation was made.

There is very good philosophy in what a poor man once said: "When a stranger treats me rudely I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; it is nothing to me."

A little fellow of three years was taken to church for the first time. On his return home his father said, "Well, Charlie, how did you like the minister?" "Not very well," replied the child. "Didn't you? Why not?" "Why he spoke so loud I couldn't hear him," said Charlie, with a grave face. Parents little imagine how difficult it is for a young child to understand the forced style and pulpit tones of most ministers, or even to get any correct ideas from words that are simple enough to adults. Another little boy could not remember the text exactly, but thought it was "something about a hawk between two pigeons." It was, "Why halt ye between two opinions?"

At the present time, when disasters at sea are awakening so much painful interest, a recently-invented life-saving device is worthy of attention. The invention consists in so constructing a part or the whole of the hurricane-deck that it may be readily detached from the vessel if she should sink; and, being buoyant, will serve as a raft, on which the passengers may take refuge. The hurricane-deck is constructed with double walls, between which air-vessels or cork may be placed to increase the buoyancy of the raft; and it is so secured to the vessel that it may be instantaneously detached. A suitable supply of provisions, and other things necessary, should be constantly kept in wells in the deck. This invention was patented November, 1869.

An exchange says that a great economy in the manufacture of bread is secured by the following process: Gluten to the amount of ten or twelve per cent. is extracted by boiling water from bran, and the flour is kneaded with this infusion, whereby from twenty to thirty per cent. more bread is obtained. The bread, of course, is not so white as that of first quality, but is much more nutritious.

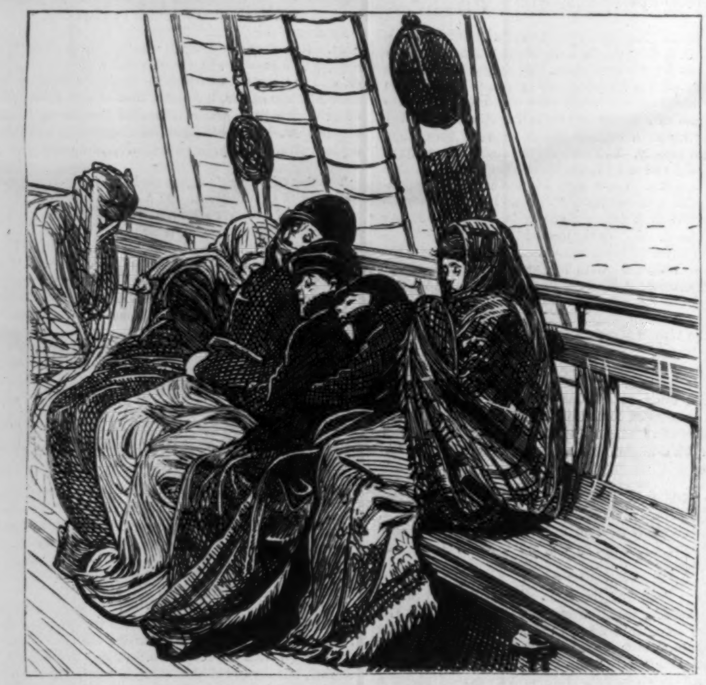
The walls of Sebastopol have now been completely restored, and upward of three hundred houses built in place of those ruined by the bombardment. A new marble church, in the form of a pyramid, has also been erected in the church-yard of the town. The funds for the construction of this building were raised by a public subscription in the whole of Russia. The chief of the subscribers was the Princess Wassiltchykoff, who gave up for that purpose the whole of her year's pension, amounting to 15,000 rubies. A sum of 200,000 rubles in all was expended on the building. The principal monument in the church-yard is that of Prince Michael Gortchakoff. On it is the following inscription: "Here lie, among warriors, the mortal remains of the man who prevented the enemies of our country from penetrating to this spot." The tombstones of the men are all alike in shape and size, and each of them bears this inscription: "Grave of our brothers."

His Holiness the Pope remarked the other day, referring to the bishops of the Œcumenical Council: "In their eagerness to make me infallible they will make me fail!" The bishops cost the Pope somewhere about 23,000 francs (£1000) daily, so that he has had to pay for two months' barren discussion the pretty little sum of 1,500,000 francs.

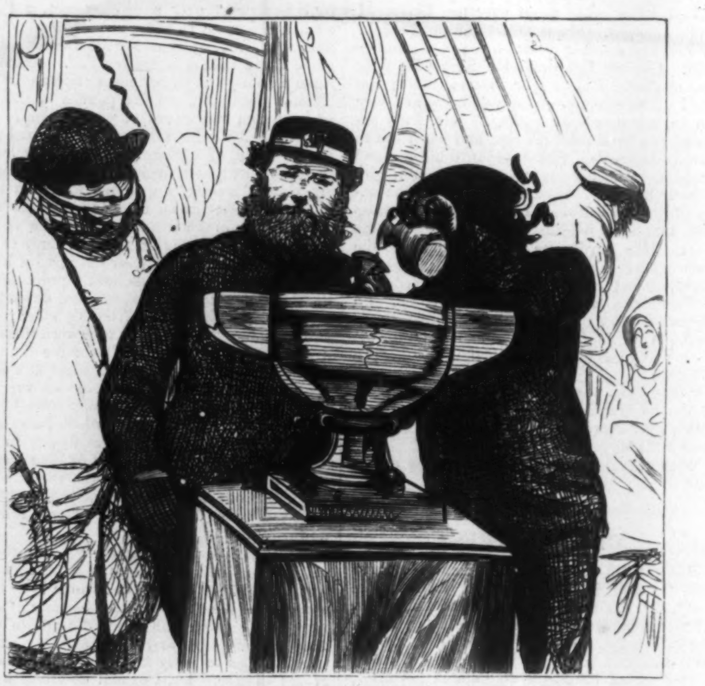
The Empress's Grand Prize of 10,000 francs, given this year for the first time by the French Geographical Society, has just been awarded to M. De Lesseps. On receiving the medal which accompanies the prize, M. De Lesseps announced that he would devote the sum of money to the expedition which the Society is about to undertake into Central Africa.

The following anecdote is told of Charles Dickens, who was once present at a dinner-party where a young writer inveighed against the world generally, in a very "forcible feeble manner." During a pause in this philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table, in the most self-congratulatory of tones: "I say, ——, what a lucky thing it is you and I don't belong to it. It reminds me," continued the author of "Pickwick," "of two men who on a *raised* scaffold were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman; the notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily engaged in tossing one here and another there; whereupon he said to the other, 'I say, Bill, *how lucky it is for us that we are up here!*'"

Ali Pasha Moubarek, the Minister of the Khedive of Egypt, has purchased 30,000 volumes in London and Paris, to found a public library at Cairo, the only one of the kind in Egypt.



STEAMSHIP LIFE—TAKING IT EASY.



STEAMSHIP LIFE—OILING THE BINNACLE.

STEAMSHIP LIFE.

WE gave last week an illustration of the miseries and discomforts attendant upon a steerage passage across the Atlantic in one of the large steamers that ply between Europe and this country; this week we give several sketches of other scenes to be witnessed on every voyage. The first represents a group of passengers endeavoring to while away the tedious time by sleeping. Protected from the sharp ocean air by heavy shawls and wrappers, the family is huddled together on a bench on deck. They have no sentiment for the poetry of the "dark blue ocean;" and if they apostrophized the waves at all, it would not be to bid them "roll on." Another sketch shows some of the more interested passengers eagerly watching the oiling of the binnacle, while the mate supervises, with a critical eye, the delicate operation.

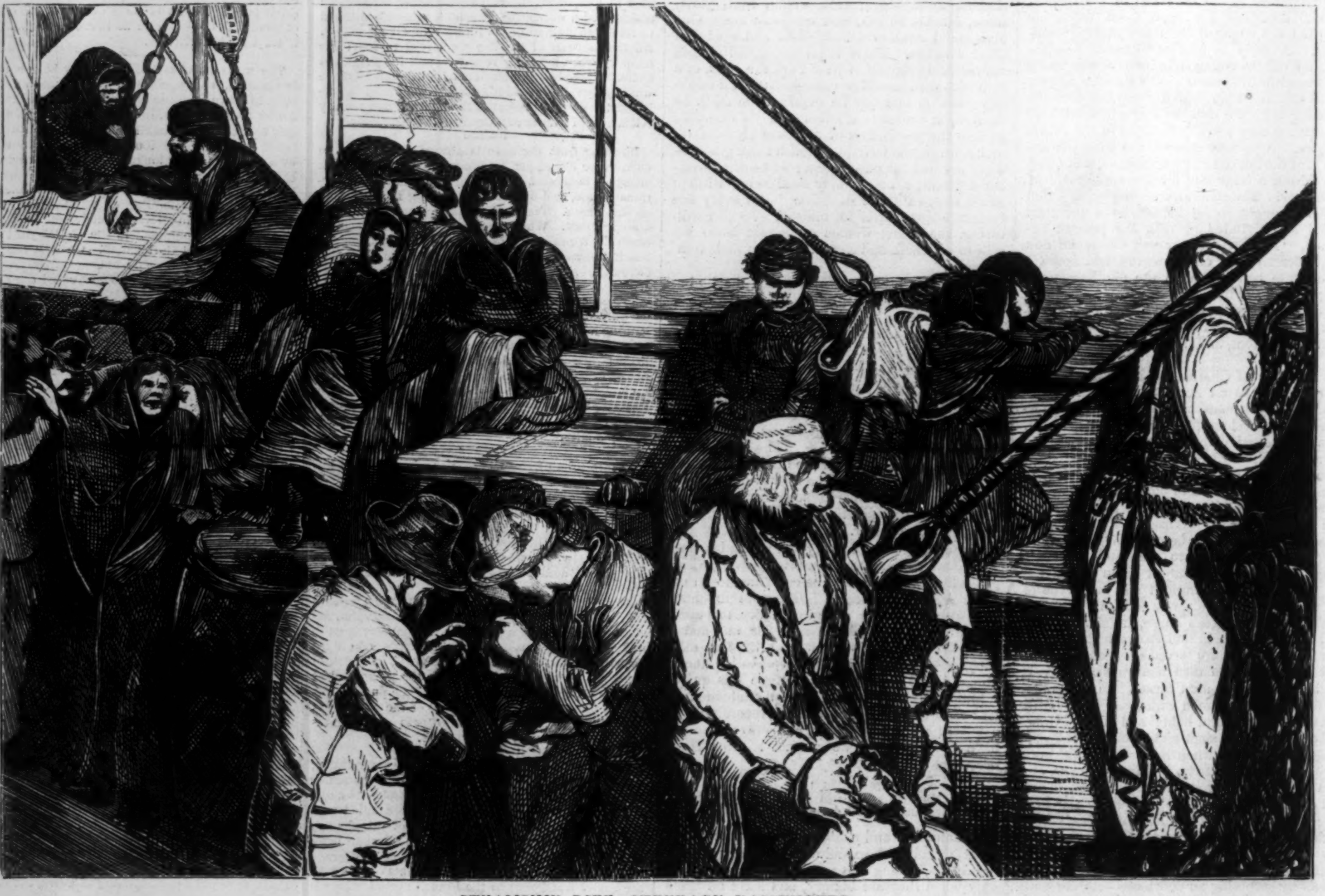
None of those on board enjoy a warm and sunny day more than the poor steerage passengers, who come up from their close quarters and crowd the forward part of the ship to obtain a breath of pure air and a pleasant outlook upon the sea. Hundreds of them may be seen, on such a day, grouped about on the little prow deck, gazing delightedly on the prospect, sewing, or singing, or smoking, or holding up their children so that they too may have a look over the high steamer's side, and watch the spray, the sea-gulls flapping and cawing about the prow, and the great fish which now and then leap in the broad path of the ship. Some of the faces in the picture are unmistakably German, others as clearly Hibernian: the old man with the little girl is contented, patient, interested, and the German emigrants all seem quiet and hopeful. The Irish in the back-ground are chattering after the custom of their race, not quite so neat as their German companions, but far more boisterous and lively. The group in the centre is evidently composed of disappointed Fenians returning to this country.

A WOUNDED DANISH SOLDIER.

THE picture from which our illustration with the above title is engraved is a reminiscence of the campaign in Holstein, and will remind our readers of many similar episodes of our own recent war. It was painted by Madame JERICHAU, wife of the eminent Danish sculptor, and is considered one of the most meritorious of the works that have placed her in the foremost rank of female artists. The circumstances of the Prussian war against Denmark are not yet forgotten. Whatever may have been the merits of Prussia's claim to the territory in dispute, it was pressed with an overbearing insolence which no nation retaining its self-respect could admit, except on compulsion; and we all recollect the brave stand made by the little Danish army against the overwhelming odds brought by its gigantic neighbor. But when, in addition to this, we reflect how peaceful, industrious, and virtuous is the modern Dane, yet losing none of his ancient courage—how thoroughly domestic in his habits, yet ever ready to obey when patriotism calls him from the happy contentment of home, we shall then better appreciate the touching story suggested by this picture. We need not stop to point out the true womanly refinement shown in the artist's treatment of her theme. The life of the wounded man, perhaps, still hangs in the balance; but, if he recover, he will surely owe more to the soothing, gentle nursing of that true-hearted girl now reading to him from the Book of Life than to the surgeon's skill. We may, however, in illustration of the picture, remind the reader that generally on the Continent of Europe the act of betrothal is regarded far more seriously than our American "engagement" between lovers.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

IT appears to be very important to success in science that a man should have an able mother. I believe the reason to be, that a child so circumstanced has the good fortune to be delivered from the ordinary narrowing, partisan influences of home education. Our race is essentially slavish; it is the nature of all of us to believe blindly in what we love, rather than in that which we think most wise. We are indignant when others pry into our idols, and criticise them with impunity, just as a savage flies to arms when a missionary picks his fetich to pieces. Women are far more strongly influenced by these feelings than men; they are blinder partisans and more servile followers of custom. Happy are they whose mothers did not intensify their naturally slavish dispositions in childhood, by the frequent use of phrases such as, "Do not ask questions about this or that, for it is wrong to doubt;" but who showed them, by practice and teaching, that inquiry may be absolutely free without being irreverent, that reverence for truth is the parent of free inquiry, and that indifference or insincerity in the search after truth is one of the most degrading of sins. It is clear that a child brought up under the influences I have described is far more likely to succeed as a scientific man than one who was reared under the curb of dogmatic authority. Of two men with equal abilities, the one who had a truth-loving mother would be the more likely to follow the career of science; while the other, if bred up under extremely narrowing circumstances, would become as the gifted children in China, nothing better than a student and professor of some dead literature.



STEAMSHIP LIFE—STEERAGE PASSENGERS.

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

On the 29th of March the sorrowful intelligence was communicated to us of the death of Major-General George H. Thomas. He died at eight o'clock on the 28th, from a stroke of apoplexy, at San Francisco, his post of duty.

General Thomas was born on July 31, 1816, in the county of Southampton, Virginia. In his early boyhood he accepted a subordinate position under his uncle, the clerk of the county, and at the same time commenced the study of law. It is worthy of notice that he was a native of Virginia, belonging, as did General Robert E. Lee, to a wealthy and respectable family of that State. Like General Lee, also, he was sent from Virginia to West Point, where he graduated June 30, 1840, ranking twelfth in a class of forty-two.

His military career previous to our Civil War is soon told. Immediately after his graduation at West Point he took part in the Indian campaign in Florida, serving as Lieutenant. He took a prominent part in the Mexican War, and for gallant conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846, was brevetted Captain. February 23, 1847, he was brevetted Major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista."

November, 1860, found Thomas in Texas. General Twiggs had surrendered, and Major Thomas at Carlisle Barracks took command of the Sixth Cavalry, and entered into the great conflict for the preservation of the Union. We do not purpose in this brief sketch to follow his military career during the Civil War in all its details. Unlike General Lee, he did not consider it his duty to sacrifice his allegiance to the nation to that which he owed to Virginia. On May 3, 1861, we find him Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry (the old Second), in the place of General Lee, who had resigned. He commanded the first brigade of General Patterson's army of Northern Virginia until August 26, 1861, when he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was ordered to Kentucky. Thenceforth his career was eminently successful, and in many respects more remarkable than that of any other Federal general during the war.

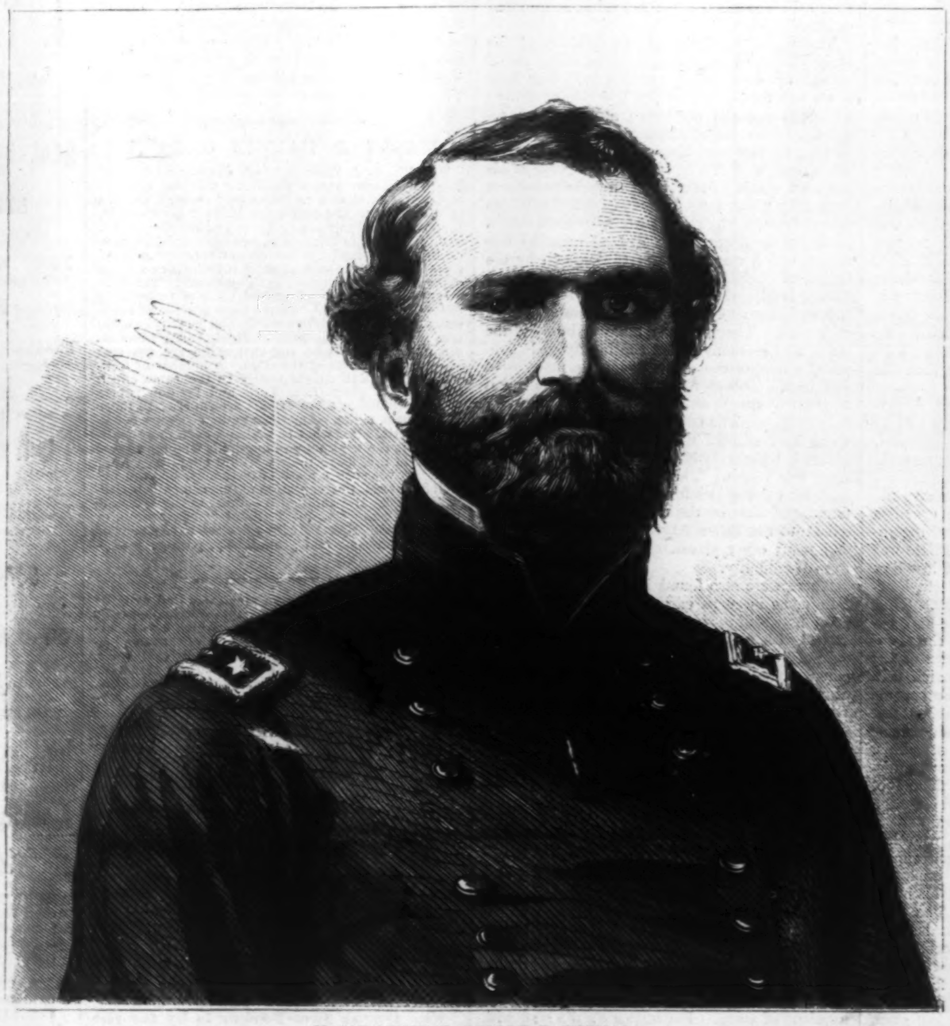
General Thomas was never defeated. After his victory over General Zollicoffer at Mill Spring, in January, 1862, he moved forward and, after the fall of Fort Donelson, occupied Nashville. On the second day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing he commanded the reserve of the Union army. He was made a Major-General April 25, 1862, and at the close of the year we find him in command of a corps under Rosecrans's command. In the official report of the battle of Stone River General Rosecrans alluded to General Thomas as "true and prudent, distinguished in counsel and on many battle-fields for his courage."

In the summer and autumn of 1863 General Thomas especially distinguished himself in the Chattanooga campaign. But for his wise precautions Rosecrans could never have concentrated his army at Chickamauga, and must have been overcome in detail by Bragg. Rosecrans would have it that Bragg was retreating in confusion into Georgia. But Thomas knew better. When the army was finally concentrated at Chickamauga General Thomas commanded the left wing, which he held in position on the 19th of September, retrieving the battle which Rosecrans had already given up as lost. In October Thomas was assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, succeeding Rosecrans.

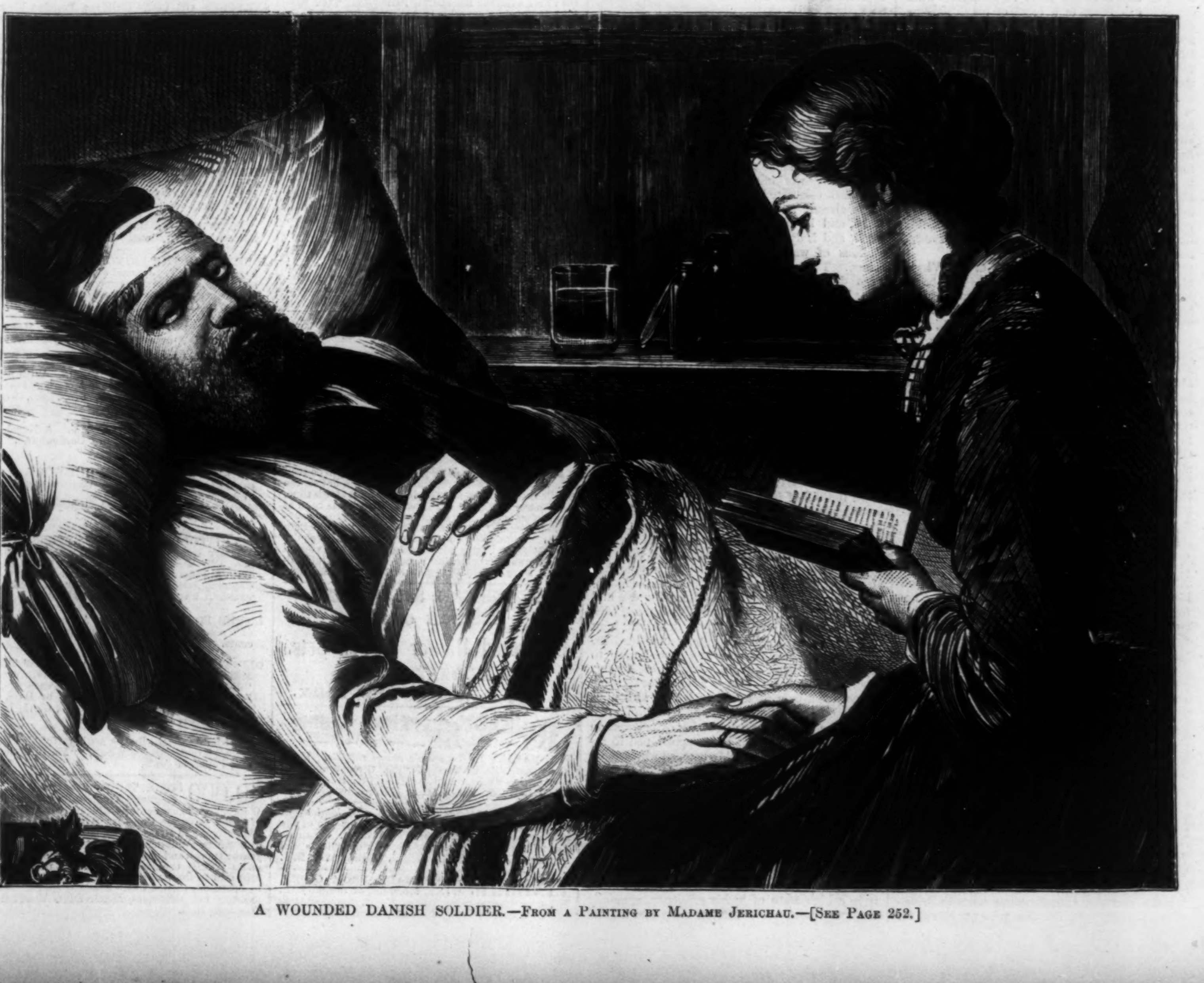
In the Atlanta campaign, early in 1864, Thomas took a prominent part. After its successful completion General Sherman, setting out for his March to the Sea, sent Thomas back to Nashville to attend to Hood, who had succeeded General Bragg. Hood's design was to compel Sherman's retreat by a bold-march northward, looking to the occupation of Nashville.

The result of the battle of Nashville, near the close of 1864, gave General Thomas his most characteristic distinction. He will ever be known as "the hero of Nashville." His patience before the battle, when the wiseacres at Washington were clamoring for an immediate advance on his part, was not less remarkable than his tactics on the battle-field after that he had mustered all his forces and entered upon the conflict. His victory over Hood was the most complete victory of the war. Hood's forces were utterly demoralized, and the rebel power in the Southwest never recovered from the blow. For this Thomas was made a Major-General in the regular army.

Since the close of the war General Thomas has been assigned to department duty in Tennessee and Kentucky, and latterly in California. During the few weeks preceding his death he enjoyed remarkably good health; but on the 28th, at half past five o'clock, p.m., he was seized with a fit of apoplexy while attending to business in his office. In less than three hours after the attack he died. His death is truly a national calamity. As a man and as a soldier his character is unreproached and irreproachable.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.



A WOUNDED DANISH SOLDIER.—From a Painting by Madame Jerichau.—[See Page 252.]

INFALLIBLE RELICS.

All men are more or less fond of relics. Do not most of us look with interest on the garments of distinguished people who lived before us? No wonder that the Romish Church, speculating on all emotions and weaknesses of the human mind, should have availed itself of this predilection.

The old Romans and Greeks had their holy relics, and some were almost Roman Catholic; for instance, the egg of Leda. The Indians carried on bloody wars about a monstrous supernatual tooth of Buddha. The Mohammedans preserve the standard, arms, clothes, beard, and two teeth of their prophet. In the Christian church, however, we find no trace of this relic-culture before the Emperor Constantine. According to the legend, he saw a cross with a victory-promising inscription in the sky, and adopted it as a standard. He conquered, and became a Christian. From that time the cross became the symbol of the Christians.

The mother of the Emperor, Helena, discovered the true cross; so, at least, we are told by late papal authors. Contemporary historians, however, do not say one word about this remarkable discovery. According to the legend, not only was the true cross discovered, but also the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with our Saviour. They were all found together; but as the inscription affixed by Pilate was not forthcoming, the finders were at a loss how to discover the true cross. The priests, however, found a way to solve this difficulty. They laid a sick man on one of the crosses, and, behold! he became worse; from which they concluded that they had struck on the cross of the thief who taunted Christ. When the sick man was laid on another of the crosses, he became much better; but when he was laid on the third, he jumped up quite well. There could not be any doubt of which was the true cross after this.

The graves of the Apostles were likewise discovered, and the bodies of some of them too. Very pious people even succeeded in entering into direct communication with the saints. A woman at St. Maurin, for instance, who had chosen St. John the Baptist for her patron, invoked him for three years every day! imploring him to let her have only a little bit of his body, for which he had no further use. The saint would not listen to her prayers. At last the woman got desperate—as even pious women will sometimes, if they can not have their own way—and vowed that she would not touch food until the saint fulfilled her prayer. She kept her vow for seven days, and was nearly at her last gasp, when she found on the altar the thumb of the saint! Three bishops wrapped this holy relic very reverentially in linen, and three drops of blood fell from it—one drop per bishop.

Some saints have had several skeletons. That of St. Denis, for instance, exists in duplicate at the present time; besides a third head in Prague, and a fourth head in Bamberg, while Munich can boast of a hand of his. This remarkable saint, therefore, had two perfect bodies, four heads, and five hands; it can not possibly be otherwise; for each of these relics has to show for its genuineness a document of authenticity from an infallible Pope.

Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Regensburg, devoted a great deal of learning to investigations about the bodily appearance of the Holy Virgin, and to trying to find out what kind of eyes and hair she had. As the present compiler does not feel inclined to read the eight hundred books left to us of this gentleman's writings, he does not know the result of his researches; but, according to the specimens of her hair, testified to by popes as genuine, it must have been piebald: for the infallible relics of it are fair, red, brown, and black.

The most ponderous relic left of the Virgin Mary is her house, now in Loretto. This house stood once, of course, in Palestine; but, according to the legend, angels carried it to Italy. They placed it first at Tersatto, near Fiume; but in the year 1297 they transported it to Loretto. It is a wonderful circumstance that the houses of Palestine of the time of our Saviour should have so exactly resembled the peasants' houses in the neighborhood of Loretto. It is enshrined now in a magnificent church, and thousands and thousands of pilgrims flock there, to stir their rosaries in the mug of the infant Christ, and to depose a more or less considerable sum on the altar.

The credulity of people in the matter of relics really surpasses belief. One monk, by name Eiselin, traveled in 1500 in Wurtemburg, exhibiting to the faithful a pinion of the wing of the Archangel Gabriel. Who kissed it (and of course paid for it) could not be seized by the plague. When staying in the little town of Aldingen this precious relic was stolen from him. Eiselin, however, was not at a loss; before the very eyes of his hostess, he filled his empty casket with hay, and exhibited it as hay from the manger in Bethlehem. All the faithful thronged to kiss it, and the hostess among them; so that the monk whispered, full of astonishment, into her ear: "Even you, sweetheart?"

At the time of the Crusades the world was overflowed with relics. Whenever a town in the Holy Land was conquered, the crusaders looked first for relics, as more precious than golden gems. Lewis the Saint made two unfortunate crusades, but he comforted himself with the relics he brought home. These were: some splinters from the cross, a few nails, the sponge, the purple coat which the mocking soldiers threw over the shoulders of Christ, and the thorn crown. These holy things he acquired for immense sums. When they arrived he and his whole court went out barefoot as far as Vincennes to meet them.

Henry the Lion brought many relics to Brunswick: among them the thumb of St. Mark, for which the Venetians offered in vain one hundred thousand ducats.

The whole wardrobe of our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, of St. Joseph, and of many saints turned up, certified by Infallibility. The holy lance was found, with which the Roman knight Longinus wounded the body; also the handkerchief of St. Veronica, which she handed to Christ to wipe his face when he was on his way to Golgotha, and on which he left the impression of his features. This handkerchief must have been at least fifty yards long, to judge from the pieces (always certified by Infallibility) which are shown at different places. The dish of emerald was found, which was presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and from which Christ ate the Easter lamb; the water-pots were found from the wedding at Cana, and they were still filled with wine. There exist so many splinters of the cross, and so many nails from it, that it is supposed a man-of-war does not contain more wood and iron. Thorns from the crown were found in great quantity, and some of them bled every holy Friday. The cup from which Christ drank when he instituted the Lord's Supper was discovered, together with some of the bread left from that repast. The dice which the soldiers used for casting lots for the garments were also found, and likewise the unseamed tunic. There exist tunics at Triers, Argenteuil, St. Jago, Rome, and many other places. All have a certificate from Infallibility.

There were also found infallible shirts of the Virgin, as large as carriers' frocks. Her very precious wedding-ring was shown at Perusa, together with a pair of very neat slippers, and a pair of very large red slippers, which she wore when paying a visit to St. Elizabeth. Milk of Mary was discovered in great abundance, and Divine blood—sometimes in single drops, sometimes bottled. There exist also the infallible swaddling-clothes, a very small pair of infallible breeches of St. Joseph, and his carpenter's tools. One of the thirty silver pieces, the price of the awful treachery of Judas, has also been preserved, together with the rope—twelve feet long and rather too thin—by which the traitor hanged himself; also, his very small empty purse. Even the perch turned up on which the cock crew which startled the conscience of the Prince of Apostles; even the stone with which the evil one tempted our Lord in the desert; even the basin in which Pilate washed his hands; even the bones of the ass on which the entry into Jerusalem was made. There were even revealed relics from the Old Testament which had lain safely hidden vast numbers of years. For instance: the staff with which Moses parted the Red Sea; manna from the desert; the beard of Noah; a piece of the rock from which Moses drew water.

The belief of the benighted people in these relics was so strong that the priests could even venture to show, not merely absurdly improbable, but manifestly impossible relics; there once were on exhibition, and are even now in some countries, such relics as the dagger and buckles of the Archangel Michael; something of the breath of our Saviour preserved in a box; a bottle of Egyptian darkness; something of the sound of the bells chiming at the entry into Jerusalem; a beam of the star which conducted the wise men from the East to Bethlehem; something of the Word that had become flesh; sighs of Joseph, breathed forth when he had to plane very knotty boards; the thorn in the flesh which so greatly troubled St. Paul.

In Germany alone there were nearly one hundred wonder-working images of the Virgin, but the most celebrated is that at Loretto, in the house already mentioned. It is ascribed to St. Luke, and is most carefully cut out of cedar wood, and is dyed black by the smoke of many millions of wax-candles burned there by pilgrims. The next celebrated image is at St. Jago de Compostella, where you might have seen, but a few years ago, thirty thousand pilgrims at once; none of whom dared to approach it empty-handed.

EATING AT A LUNCHEON BAR.

There are some persons who enter a luncheon bar with a knowingness and a deliberation which indicate that they are about to lay out the limited space of time available for the luncheon bar to the greatest possible advantage. They select the best bar, and at the best bar they select the best things. With a cool, critical eye they run down the bill of fare, and with instinctive judgment make a selection which reflects credit on their taste. But if a man is exceedingly busy, or very much occupied in mind, he has no time for this. He has perhaps staid at his post until faintness, or the gnawing tooth of hunger, has absolutely driven him from his work to the luncheon bar; and thus he has a wandering eye and a preoccupied air. He has not the slightest idea what he is eating, whether roast or boiled, joint or *entrée*. He satisfies a brute, canine instinct, and retires. Such a man has been known to come to a luncheon bar with a pen behind his ear. Such a one always brings a note-book, some memoranda, or a pocketful of letters with him. Such a one has a business friend with him; and they will continue their discussion or negotiation in the brief allotment of time apportioned to refection. They are probably lean, unwholesome-looking men, with bodily disorganization of some sort setting in, chiefly because they bolt their food whole, and allow no time for digestion. I know of an invalid of this sort, who, in solemn repentance for his ill-advised alacrity in feeding, has stuck up all over his house inscriptions in large letters, "Masticate, masticate, masticate!" A judicious man, who knows that he has a great deal of important work to do, and wishes to do it in a high state of bodily efficiency, generally confines himself to a mutton chop and a glass of sherry, which he transacts leisurely. If there is head-work, really requiring attention, a man is very careful in his diet. You can not be loading two great organs with work at the same time without impeding and impairing their action. This is a most elementary physiological truth.

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The Mason & Hamlin Organ Company have just issued what they term a Testimony Circular, which is certainly remarkable as presenting such an amount of testimony to the excellence of their instruments. It contains six large newspaper pages, closely printed, and thus includes as much matter as an ordinary duodecimo volume. Nearly one thousand persons, most of them experts in the matter, testify to the rare excellence of the cabinet organs made by this company. The character of the testimony is, indeed, quite as remarkable as its quantity. Nearly all the most prominent musicians in the country are quoted; the principal organists, pianists, and teachers of chief American cities are among those who say that these are the best among instruments of the class. A number of well-known European artists testify to the same effect. Extracts are given from Paris and London papers which admit that these organs are superior to those of European make. American newspapers are equally emphatic. But what is, perhaps, even more satisfactory, is the testimony of hundreds who have these organs in use, as to their working qualities. After looking over such a mass of testimony, one can not well doubt that the reputation of this company is richly deserved. By sending his address to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., 154 Tremont Street, Boston, or 596 Broadway, New York, any one can have a copy of this circular sent him gratuitously, postage paid.—[*N. Y. Evangelist.*]

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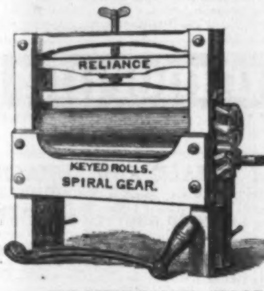
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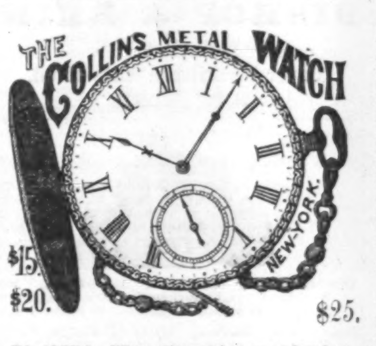

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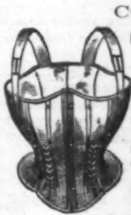

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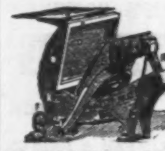

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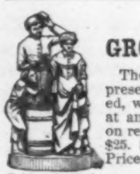
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